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The Mental Habitation.

Original.

EACH individual of the human race has a retired apartment, into which none can enter but themselves and Deity—it is the Mind. This apartment is very retired—it is entirely beyond the vision of those around us. No eye can penetrate its recesses—no discernment can perceive the movements therein—no ear can hear the voice which there speaks and controls. In this recess we may be said to live—it is the abode of the soul—the dwelling place of that spirit which came from God, and which alone constitutes us rational beings—of that power which should govern all our emotions. From this retired place, we look out upon the ever shifting scenes of this changeful world—unseen by all, we scan the events which transpire around—unknown but to ourselves and our Maker, we make our observations upon ‘men and things,’ we approve or condemn, we adopt or reject. This apartment is the laboratory of our thoughts, and the repository of the emotions. Here are ushered into being our holiest aspirations, our purest desires, our sweetest hopes and anticipations—here are registered our convictions, our designs and determinations, and all the varieties of our mental acquisitions—and here, scattered around in confusion, are the soiled and torn leaves of Memory, imprinted indistinctly or vividly, with the past scenes of our existence; wet with tears of sorrow, or irradiated with the sunshine of enjoyment; shadowing forth with vivid brightness, the image of those with whom in years past, ‘we have lived and loved together,’ or darkened with regret at their loss. This abode is also the proper dwelling place of that pure and high-born family, (the gift of our Creator) whose members are Veneration, Benevolence, Love, Virtue, Truth, Justice, Mercy, and all those moral and intellectual capacities, which so pre-eminently

distinguish man from the lower orders of existence. And not the least among the members of this mental family, is Conscience—that stern and inflexible judge, whose approving smiles impart satisfaction and peace, or whose awful and unsleeping thunders rend the soul with a bitter agony little known to the outer world.

Such is our home and such its inmates—this is our mental dwelling, and this our proper family. The object of the munificent Author of our existence, in furnishing us with this abode, and this family of moral and intellectual powers, is that therein by their assistance, we may obtain that true, elevated enjoyment and happiness, which is proper and congenial to our nature as intellectual beings. Here rational creatures should look for all the happiness, which they desire to enjoy—it is in vain to seek it elsewhere. Young ladies—young gentlemen! Allow me to impress this important truth especially upon your memories—that true, genuine happiness *can only be found in the mind*—in the exercise of those moral and intellectual faculties, with which your Maker has crowned your nature! They who seek for it elsewhere—who neglect the noblest endowments of man, and resort to unholy passions and evil propensities—will most assuredly meet with nought but bitter disappointment, degradation and wretchedness! Those who trace the page of past events, will discover abundant evidence of the truth of this declaration. As with a pen of iron, the Genius of History has inscribed in characters of blood, the record of the ten thousand times ten thousands, who have met ruin and destruction in the futile attempt to obtain happiness from outward circumstances—from the gratification of unlawful and unhallowed passions! Vain efforts! As well may you expect to strike fire from ice—as consistently can you hope that the poisonous simoom of the desert will send the glow of health through the

veins—as to anticipate obtaining pure enjoyment and peace, except through those high and noble capacities of the mind with which Deity has gifted you. I repeat, therefore, if you desire happiness, seek it in your own natural home—the retired closet of your mind, and through the assistance of that cluster of mental powers, which are the gift of heaven.

But our prospect of obtaining any considerable degree of enjoyment, even in the mind, depends in a great measure, upon the condition in which we keep that abode, and the discipline and government to which we subject our little family, who there reside. Permit me to illustrate by our outward dwellings. The enjoyments of the domestic circle depend much upon the condition in which the apartments are kept. If the housekeeper is indolent and slovenly—if dust and filth are permitted to accumulate, our abode becomes disagreeable and unhealthy, and in disgust we leave it as frequently as possible, to seek a more cleanly place. But how does the prudent and neat housewife conduct? She whose abode ever presents a clean and tasteful appearance? She remains at home a greater proportion of the time. Nothing is more certain than that the abode of her, who is fond of being often and long from home, will show distinctly the want of proper care and industry—for such people are generally so entirely absorbed in attention to the affairs of others, that they have little time or inclination, properly to conduct their own! But the tidy housewife, I repeat, will remain at home a great part of the time, to superintend the affairs of her household. As often as necessary, she thoroughly examines her tenement—the windows are opened, that light and air may penetrate the interior—every dark nook and corner is searched out—and all impurities are quickly removed. In an abode of this character, with what delight does the good man of the house sit down to the enjoyments of the family circle—every gratification is greatly heightened, and an air of satisfaction and contentment pervades each countenance.

So with our more immediate home, the mind. If we permit it to remain in a neglected and unguarded state—if we allow moral filth and pollution to collect therein, and make no exertions to cleanse it from these contaminations—it becomes an unpleasant and unhealthy abode, and detracts from all those enjoyments which we might otherwise experience therein. To guard against

this unnatural condition, this moral pollution—and render the apartment of the mind an abode in which we shall delight to dwell—it is important that we exercise great precaution and vigilance in purifying it from all contaminations. And that this work may be performed properly, it is important that we remain much within this mental apartment, and look well to its condition—Or, in other words, that we subject ourselves to frequent, long, and scrutinizing self examinations. In performing this self-searching operation, we should avoid, if possible, looking through the partial eyes of vanity, pride or selfishness—for these are exceedingly dull and blind to our own faults and imperfections, however sharp they may be to the failings of others. But we should rather borrow the eyes of an enemy—we should look into our minds with that penetrating, searching glance, with which a foe would scrutinize us, to blazen our faults before the world. Those who in this work of scrutiny are partial to themselves; who permit those impurities to remain uncleansed from the tenement of their own minds, which they condemn when discovered in that of another, *are enemies to themselves!*—they are their own worst foes.

We should, therefore, divest ourselves of an overweening self love, and critically examine our mental dwelling place. We should throw open wide the windows of this habitation, that the grateful beams of the light of religion and science and wisdom, may shine in and irradiate every dark recess. We should cleanse out all impure impressions, all sinful propensities and evil passions. We should wipe away that dust of prejudice against the condition, actions, or motives of others, which, despite our resistance, will in a greater or less degree settle into our minds. We should brush down every cobweb of superstition, and sweep out every shred and fragment of bigotry. We should permit the gentle breeze of investigation to flow freely through, that it may waft away the unpleasant atmosphere, the unwholesome exhalations of prejudice or ignorance. In fine, the examination of the mental abode, should be critical and unsparing; it should be thoroughly purged and well lighted and ventilated, that we may delight to remain at home, and partake of that rich, intellectual and moral feast, which, while this purity remains, will there be ever spread out for our enjoyment.

But if we succeed in purifying our mental habitation, we are not by any means free from

danger. It is the duty of the head of a family, not only to see that the dwelling is preserved in a proper condition, but also to watch over the several members of the family, and prevent any corrupt individual from entering the mansion, and corrupting the family by his evil example and influence; and should such vicious person, by any means gain admission to the domestic circle, he should be speedily turned from the dwelling.

Thus should we watch over our mental abode. There are numerous foes hovering around the habitation of the mind, and exerting every possible means to obtain admission within, that they may seduce the lawful inmates,—our moral and intellectual family,—and make them servants to sin and ignorance. These enemies are filled with the most brazen impudence. They are constantly besieging the mental dwelling, arrayed in their gayest attire—often unhesitatingly looking in at the windows of the mind; and if a door is left open and unguarded, they stride boldly in, and use all their efforts to establish themselves as lawful dwellers! These dangerous enemies are the *sinful passions*. They are much more difficult to deal with, from the circumstance that they claim to be a sort of kindred—as near, at least, as *cousin-german*—to the moral and intellectual family; and upon the ground of relationship, they pertinaciously and incessantly urge their claims to admission into the mansion of the mind, and their right to exercise their influence upon the proceedings and enjoyments of the body corporate. But the noble powers which dwell in the habitation of the mind, when properly instructed of their own nature, entirely disavow the relationship. Their origin is on high, from the infinite Fountain of wisdom and perfection; but the unholy passions come from beneath, and partake of that wisdom which is 'earthly, sensual, and devilish.'

That these bold intruders should occasionally thrust themselves into the mind, is to be expected; indeed we cannot always prevent them, and we are not blameworthy if such an occurrence takes place. For in regard to sinful passions, the crime does not so much consist in their entering the mind, as in allowing them to remain there, to exert their deleterious influences. Whenever, therefore, they do thus obtain admittance, it becomes our imperious duty instantly to put in requisition every effort to eject them forthwith. An unrelenting war must be declared

against them, and no quarter granted until they are conquered and expelled. If we do not fulfill this duty, we are recreant to our own welfare, and the consequences will be painful. An enemy would thus be permitted to remain in our mental abode, who would bind the strong man of the house, and spread disunion, anarchy, and wretchedness throughout our otherwise peaceful family.

As these evil passions are sometimes quite eloquent and plausible in their appeals and arguments for admission into our mental abode, and as we are liable to give way to them, if we are not on our guard and acquainted with their real character, it may, perhaps, be profitable for us briefly to notice some of the most forward of them.

The first I will notice, is a personage with a sharp, sour and pale countenance, named *Envy*. This is one of the most secret, yet pertinacious of the passions; and often finds a ready admittance into most minds. Before we are aware of its approach, it is already in the mind, and shedding abroad its malign influences. Let us enter into a short conversation with this individual—'Envy, we would inquire what benefit can you bestow by taking up your abode in the mansion of the mind?'

'I have come,' replies Envy, 'only to call your attention to those neighbors or associates of yours. Are you not aware that they are wealthy? Do you not perceive the magnificence of their mansion, the beauty and costliness of its furniture, the gaiety of their equipage, the beautiful texture and extreme fashion of their attire?'

'We see it all; but what then?'

'What then! Why, do you not admire such splendor? Do you not ardently desire to indulge in all the fine array and magnificence and luxury, of which you are now deprived, by possessing only a moderate competency of this world's goods? How exceedingly happy you would be, were you able to imitate the wealthy in all their show and splendor! and how wretched you must be in your present circumstances, which are only comfortable!'

'Envy, we have patiently listened to you. But were we to heed you, your words would drop the bitterness of gall into our minds, rather than the sweets of rational enjoyment. Why should we indulge in such thoughts respecting our neighbors? Allowing that wealth and pomp and splendor confer happiness—(a supposition

entirely unfounded)—still of what avail is it to desire them when they are entirely beyond our reach? Will coveting and wishing for such things, give them to us? No. Why, then, should we permit our thoughts to dwell constantly upon the disparity between our condition and theirs? Why harbor unavailing regrets? Why repine at the just allotments of Providence, especially when such reflections, so far from giving us the coveted objects, would but fill our minds with wretchedness? Why deliberately go to work and make ourselves miserable, because we suspect some other individual enjoys more happiness than we do, when there is no certainty and no probability that their real joys are in any way superior to our own? There is an humble dweller in the family of the mind, called *Contentment*, who whispers that to be satisfied with our condition, is *true happiness*; that 'a contented mind, is a continued feast;' and resignation to God's providence, is the dictate of wisdom, and one of the most efficient means of procuring that true enjoyment which satisfies the soul. Envy, begone! leave the mental abode, and never again let us hear thy hissing voice, infusing poison into our enjoyment.'

Another individual, named *Avarice*, approaches for admission. We will listen for a moment to his pretensions.

'My great desire in entering your mental abode, is to impress upon you the vast importance of accumulating wealth. Riches! riches! are the great object to which men should turn their attention in this world; to pile up, mountain high, the glittering ore, should be the only aim of life! Riches are every thing. They enable the simpleton to pass for a wise man; they are capable of bestowing upon the knave, the swindler, the profligate, and the empty minded, the title of respectability! They are the golden key, which unlocks to the unprincipled those doors in the highest circles that are hermetically sealed against the virtuous and industrious poor. Why should you endeavor to acquire knowledge, or to enlighten the intellect, or cultivate the social virtues and the affections? These will not fill your coffers, nor surround you with lands and tenements. These—'

Avarice, enough! we have listened quite sufficiently to your suggestions. Hear our reply. Were eating and drinking, and the wearing of costly raiment—were moving in certain select circles, or contemplating glittering metal, or

surveying extensive possessions, the only sources of human enjoyment, there would be some plausibility in urging your sentiments. But these are not the procuring cause of happiness; for how often do we perceive those who do possess all these advantages, the most wretched of beings! No; these circumstances pertain to the lowest and the most uncertain grade of man's enjoyments. The human family are created in the image of God; and partaking of a portion of the divine characteristics, all those pleasures which pertain to them *properly*, as intellectual and moral beings, are of a class entirely above those low animal propensities, to which riches so frequently minister. The kind Author of our existence has prepared for us, in our mental capacities, numerous fountains of enjoyment, entirely elevated above the influence of riches or poverty; and if we do not allow them to be choked by the rubbish of ignorance, or poisoned by the infusions of base passions, they will become to us, pure, perennial springs, pouring streams of happiness into the soul. So far as wealth will assist in cultivating the moral and intellectual powers, in enabling us to relieve the unfortunate and distressed, and in ministering temperately to the wants of the body, so far, for *these* purposes, should it be sought. And a moderate competency will suffice for all this. But, Avarice, when we listen to your voice; when we pile up wealth merely for the love of money, that with the miser's greediness we can growl over our hoard, as does the beast of prey over his food; when we make riches the ultimate aim and end of existence, we degrade ourselves to the level of the brute, we become miserable slaves to inordinate desire, and heap upon our shoulders a mountain, which will crush every pure and manly enjoyment. Therefore, Avarice, we cannot admit you into our mental abode.

Here is another personage, a very intimate friend of Avarice, who demands our attention—he is denominated *Fraud*. He adopts all the principles of his companion Avarice; but goes still farther, and declares, that as wealth is the great object of existence, we therefore should not scruple to adopt any means in obtaining it. Before Fraud is admitted to establish his residence in the family mansion of the mind, let us make a few inquiries touching the consequences which will be likely to accrue from the influence he would exercise over us.

Fraud, is not dishonesty opposed to the laws

both of God and man? 'It is.' Does it not often, yea, almost inevitably, lead to ignominy, ruin, and wretchedness? to the gaol, the penitentiary, and the gallows? 'I cannot deny but it does.' And when it is undiscovered by the laws of man, does not a just God take measures to bring it to condign punishment? Does he not invariably, for every fraudulent act, inflict that chastisement, that mental anguish, which far surpasses all outward punishment? Hark! Conscience desires to answer that question. 'Fraud well knows that my eye is watchful—that my voice slumbers not—that the rod is not spared, the burning bolt is never withheld, until repentance and reformation ensue!' And now, Fraud, with these broad truths standing vividly before us—with the evil consequences flowing from your presence, staring us directly in the face—can you suppose, for a moment, that we will admit you into our mental family circle, and with our eyes open, deliberately be led into the depths of ruin and woe? Begone with your vain temptations!

There is but one other personage to whom I will direct your attention; and his appearance is truly horrid. Behold his dark, distorted features, his blood-shot eyes, his gnashing teeth, his foaming lip, his clenched hand—it is *Revenge*! The movements of this evil passion are as swift and erratic as the forked lightning. Without we are extremely guarded, before we are aware of his presence, he will rush into our mental habitation—throw all our faculties into wild confusion—with stentorian lungs drown the voice of every mental and moral power, and hurl us headlong into a foaming sea of contention, with its concomitant degradation and wretchedness! Let us hear his message: 'I am come to awaken you to a just sense of your wrongs; to arouse you to the necessity of defending your wounded honor and pride! Have you not been defamed and calumniated? Have not your enemies endeavored to destroy your good name? Have they not injured you in person and property? And will you remain in supineness, and tamely submit to these repeated insults and injuries? No. Up and away to seek vengeance; and let the flowing blood of your foes teach them that you have the will and the power to retaliate for every wrong!'

But Revenge, let us coolly and dispassionately examine this subject, for a moment. Is retaliation a feeling proper to be indulged by man,

by a rational being? No. It is far, far beneath him. It is the guiding principle of the brute, to seek revenge for every injury; to satiate this fierce passion in the blood of its foe. And shall we, shall beings with intellects and minds assimilated to those of angels, forget our high relationship, and degrade ourselves to the level of the beast, that knows not good from evil. But, Revenge, suppose we follow your counsel and retaliate to the utmost, what possible benefit will such conduct bestow upon us? Will it remove the injuries we have received? No. Will inflicting pain upon our enemies, relieve our own pains? No. Will it disarm him of his enmity, and cause him to relax his efforts still farther to injure us! By no means; but will rather confirm his enmity, increase his hatred, and urge him on to evil acts against us, with renewed energy! What reasonable motive, then, have we, to induce us to adopt this brutal rule of blood-thirsty retaliation? Not one can be named. A meek inmate of the mental family, named *Forgiveness*, instructs us, that it is far more generous and humane; far more honorable and manly and godlike, to pardon injuries and retaliate not for wrongs; and she also informs us, that by endeavoring to overcome evil with good, we shall not only act upon the heavenly principle of forgiveness, but will be pursuing a course that will be the most certain of transforming an enemy into a steadfast friend. Revenge, we reject your advice, and close and bar the doors of our mental habitation against you.

The passions that I have thus noticed, are but the vanguard, the outposts of that formidable army of vices which constantly surround us, and make every exertion to overthrow and destroy those high powers, intended for our guide and protection. Their name is 'legion.' Like ravenous wolves, they thirst greedily to beset us, and eat out the vitals of our happiness. We must guard with the utmost watchfulness, against their inroads. We must close every door, every avenue of our minds, to their approach. We must place diligent sentinels around our mental habitation, to sound the alarm whenever these enemies advance, that our guarding powers may all be aroused to activity, and in readiness to meet them. Let us allow no armistice, no cessation of hostilities to take place; but let the war be one of entire extirmination; for there is no safety for us, while we have alliance, connection or intercourse with them!

While we are thus laudably engaged in cleansing and purifying our mental habitation, and protecting it from the inroads of vicious propensities, let us by no means forget to strengthen and cultivate and improve the lawful inmates themselves, of this home of our home. If they are permitted to remain in idleness and ignorance, all our other efforts will be unavailing. We must be industrious and untiring in the work of moral and intellectual cultivation. We should call to our aid all the numerous advantages that abound in this advanced and enlightened age; we should examine the past experience of the world; we should study the history of nations, and the history of mind; we should be guided by the lights of science and of art, by the teachings of nature's laws, the voice of Providence and of Revelation. In fine, we should draw from the resources within our reach, all that knowledge and wisdom, which will enlighten the mind and purify the heart.

Those who possess well instructed minds, never experience ennui or loneliness. Into the private and well prepared mental abode they can retire, and call to their presence bright images and happy beings, and listen to glad voices, unseen and unheard by the world without! The well disciplined family cluster around to minister to the mental feast. Wisdom opens the bright pages of science, and speaks of the unnumbered wonders of creation—of those mysterious yet perfect and unerring laws, which uphold and pervade the vast fabric of the universe—of the Infinite Mind that ordained, the Arm Omnipotent that sustains, and the Omniscient eye that directs the onward career of all beings and all events! Veneration, with a smile serene, guides our attention to the Great Fountain of Good, the beneficent Father of the spirits of all flesh. It portrays the beauties of his adorable character, and points to the smiles of his affection, which glow in the bright beams of the king of light, which sparkle in the ten thousand stars of evening, and as from a vast mirror, are reflected by the face of universal nature! Benevolence discourses of the streams of purest joy, that pour into the soul, from acts of pity and charity towards the poor and unfortunate of our race. And gentle Love, and meek eyed Peace, and smiling Hope, and buoyant Faith—beautiful daughters of heaven—hand in hand, sweetly sing of those pure ties of affection which are capable of uniting man to his brother man in the bonds

of kindness and good will; and of that bright, golden, indissoluble chain of Mercy, which forever links the fate of Humanity to the Throne of Infinite Goodness!

In this society, and from these communings, there is a pure, elevated, holy joy to be derived, which is infinitely above all the satisfaction that the sinful passions can impart.

Friendly reader, let us retire often to this apartment of the mind; let us listen frequently to the admonitions and instructions of those exalted powers which there reside, that our happiness may be augmented, and our souls in some degree become assimilated to the perfections of that Being from whom they have descended.

J. M. A.

Danvers, Mass.

To the Tearless.

Original.

WILT thou that silent grief to none impart?
A hidden spring fed by the breaking heart,
A well of anguish in thy bosom kept,—
Let the dark waters flow—for Jesus wept.

There is no shame in tears—though stoics cold
May scorn the feeling by their presence told;
Then freely weep—bid the sealed fountain ope;
Yet sorrow not as those who have no hope.

While the storm rages, and the winds are loud,
Still is the sunshine bright behind the cloud;
And though deep bitterness the heart endure,
Earth has no grief which heaven cannot cure.

M. A. D.

Hartford, Ct.

Peculiarities of Siam. No. II.

Original.

THE palace of the king of Siam, with the grounds attached to it, is a magnificent affair. It is surrounded by three separate walls, with a canal extending the whole distance round the outer one, which I was assured was nearly ten English miles in length, and from a ramble round it should judge this estimate to be no exaggeration. The outer spaces between the walls are thickly inhabited, probably by the servants and retainers of the royal household. The area within the inner wall contains many splendid buildings and singular monuments, with a profusion of heavy pieces of ordnance, which were probably never used; the menagerie of the king, and a magnificent Wat or Temple. My only visit to this sanctum sanctorum of royalty was in company of the American embassy, who were at Bangkok to

ratify the first treaty ever made between the United States and that singular nation. On this occasion most of the nobility of the country were congregated, and much state displayed in our reception; but of these things I do not intend to particularize. The principal motive in mentioning the palace, was to notice the *temple* within its precincts, and the *white elephants* which are worshipped and greatly esteemed by the inhabitants of the country. After an interview with his majesty, we were conducted over the grounds, and showed all the wonders and curiosities of the place, which to the eye of a Yankee, were neither few nor small.

Upon coming into the presence of the *white elephants*, we were obliged to doff our hats, and show all proper respect. These animals, even in Siam, are quite rare, and I do not now remember to have heard of them as natural to any other country, except the island of Ceylon;—there were three in the palace, the smallest of which was a beautiful specimen, and decorated in a most costly manner; his ears were hung with long silken tassels, bracelets of costly workmanship encircled his legs, and his tusks were covered with rings and jewelry; a dozen attendants were constantly in waiting upon him, and he was fed with sugar cane, and other delicacies, which would probably seldom have fallen to his lot in a wild state; he was of a delicate cream color, and beautifully shaded in the folds of the skin.

From viewing the animals we were conducted over the magnificent temple within the palace walls. But a faint idea can be given of the splendor of the place, nor can any one without ocular demonstration realize the odd magnificence there displayed; the walks were skirted with the most delicate plants, prepared in pots, and arranged in the most beautiful order, while numerous birds, in all the gay plumage of the East, hopped and caroled in their shade. Building followed building, and tower followed tower, in such rapid succession, as to bewilder the fancy and confuse the imagination; very soon I was lost in labyrinth of walks, and had not a guide accompanied us, I am sure we could never have found the way out; monuments and spires were clustered together in such profusion, that a description is impossible, all in the gorgeous style of architecture peculiar to the country, and of the most elaborate finish. As the eye wandered over this scene of splendor, its truth could hard-

ly be realized, and the tales of Arabian nights no longer seemed wild and visionary. Huge idols of colossal dimensions were seen in all directions, and heavily gilded images were ranged on all sides.

As the burning sun shone upon the rich gilding, and sparkled among the work inlaid with jewelry, I could but be pained with the idea that so much expenditure had been lavished to so little moral advantage to a people possessing a country rich by nature in all the resources which can advance a nation in honor and respectability. Winding among the avenues thus crowded with Oriental magnificence, we finally entered the main building or temple, which was in keeping with the rest of this stupendous monument to superstition and idolatry. The walls were completely covered with landscape paintings, representing various scenes of a religious nature. At the upper end, an altar was raised to the height of twenty or thirty feet, and on the pedestal was placed a god, said to be composed entirely of emerald, about the size of an infant three months old, with two large diamonds for the eyes, which sparkled with transcendent brilliancy; large images of Bhud were ranged around, ornamented in the richest manner with gold and precious stones; around the altar stood a row of artificial plants wrought in gold. From this we passed through several other buildings of smaller dimensions, but equally splendid in their outward appearance, and nearly so in their interior decorations; all were supplied with images of Bhud, and the entrances were always guarded by a brace of statues in plaster, usually of the most hideous appearance. The last building was the library for sacred books; the floor was covered with a carpet of silver, and the books were contained in a pyramid built of black stone, resembling marble, the doors of which were strongly locked. After a couple of hours wandering in the intense heat of this scorching climate, it was a relief to escape to a less splendid and more airy location.

It was quite amusing to notice how much attention was paid among these people to mere outside show. The treaty between the United States and the Siamese, was delivered with great ceremony. A long procession of boats, paddled by thirty five or forty men each, conveyed it down the river, accompanied by a band of music, their crews all gaudily dressed in uniforms. It was delivered on board the junk provided by the

government to convey the embassy down the river to their vessels; Siamese custom would not permit it to be delivered to the minister at his residence on shore, as the *king's seal* could not be permitted to enter any ordinary habitation. This treaty, or any other valuable document, they would be quite careless of, until the king's seal was affixed; but no sooner has it this regal appendage, than a procession of at least two hundred people is required to move it.

Childish curiosity is another remarkable trait of character; the very highest in rank are not exempt from this foible. Whenever I was among those who, from importance in rank or situation, considered themselves privileged to take such liberties, every garment was subjected to the most minute examination, and picked over almost thread by thread, by the fingers of these exceedingly delicate sprigs of royalty; hands and limbs had also time and again to undergo the same scrutiny, with bending and twisting the fingers and joints, to satisfy this unbounded curiosity. There appears no intention to ill treat or insult in all this, and patience and kind treatment were always found the best policy on such occasions.

In a nation so far behind all Europeans in civilization, one would hardly expect to find national vanity one of their most prominent characteristics, but such is the fact. The foolish and servile deference paid to rank and title, show their tenacity in every thing calculated to impose upon the mind the idea of individual importance. The exalted and blasphemous titles conferred upon those high in rank, show their self esteem in a strong light; as '*Prince of Heaven*,' '*Lord of Heaven and Earth*,' &c. &c. Notwithstanding this inflated vanity, even a prince of the blood royal has begged the suspenders from my back, which had caught his fancy in a pretty thorough examination of my clothing. In coming into the presence of any of the nobility, all of a less rank than him who stands highest, prostrate themselves with their faces to the ground, and thus continue as long as the audience lasts; from this custom no one except the king is exempt, and he only from the fact, that there is none higher in authority for him to bow to. Servants in the household of any of the nobility, are never allowed to stand erect, and if they have occasion to pass their masters, it is done by crawling upon their hands and knees, in the very lowest posture of degradation.

A system of domestic slavery exists among them, which would probably chill the hearts of

our philanthropic abolitionists; all household servants are in effect bought and sold from house to house throughout their lives. A father who is poor, takes his child in its minority, and for a certain sum deposits it with any one who chooses to make the advance, where he labors without wages, and subject entirely to the control of his master; in order to gain liberty the sum originally paid must be refunded. Individuals who are of age, make these contracts for themselves; when, therefore, a person is once in debt, and resorts to this method of liquidation, bondage for life is his usual lot; for as he works without wages, and under the direction of his master, no opportunity is given him to accumulate a sufficient sum for his ransom. If a servant wishes to change his situation, the usual method is for him to prevail upon some one with whom he wishes to reside, to pay the original purchase money, and thus become possessed of his person.

Their prejudices are, in many respects, singular; they have a great horror of having *the head touched*, and no greater insult can be put upon a Siamese noble than to place the hand upon the head; so tenacious are they upon this matter, that when Crawford, the English ambassador to Siam, was at Bangkok, the Piac-Klang or prime minister, could not be prevailed upon to enter a lower room, for fear of some one's passing over his head above, and accordingly climbed by a ladder to the upper room of the building for his reception. When we visited the king, we were particularly cautioned *not to point our feet towards his majesty*, as it would be considered an unpardonable insult.

E. H.

Boston, Mass.

Spring. A Song.

Original.

SWEET spring has come, sweet spring has come;
Her steps are on the hills;
She breathes upon the valleys now—
She breathes upon the rills.

She fills the air with singing birds,
She brings refreshing showers;
She clothes the earth in living green,
She opes the fragrant flowers.

We hear her music in the woods,
We hear it in the air;
We hear it in the gurgling streams,
We hear it everywhere.

Then lift your voices high, O man!
A joyful anthem sing;
Join with the music all around—
The music of the Spring.

Saugus.

D. B. H.

Influence of Faith.

Original.

MATT. xvii. 20: 'If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place; and it shall remove.'

LITERALLY considered, these words assert an impossibility; but understood correctly, they furnish a lesson of importance and truth. Rejectors of christianity have made the words of this passage a butt for ridicule and contempt, by regarding it, as Christ never meant it should be regarded, to be of literal import; all their scorn is found to be ill placed when we turn to the peculiarities of the Jews, and the times of our Savior, and discover that the sentiment of the passage was a proverb common in those days, applied to advocates of great designs.

Dr. Lightfoot shows that the text was a proverbial expression, and says he, 'The Jews used to set out those teachers amongst them who were more eminent for the profoundness of their learning, or the splendor of their virtues, by such expressions as these—'He is a rooter up, or remover of mountains.'—'Ben Azzai taught profoundly in the streets of Tiberias; nor was there in his days such another rooter up, or remover, of mountains, as he.' The same expression with which the Jews extolled the learning and virtues of their men, Christ deservedly useth to set forth the power of faith.'

Thus then we plainly perceive that the great Teacher gave his disciples an important moral lesson under a common metaphor—as figurative we are to understand this passage, and then we can account for the singular allusion of the apostle Paul—'Though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing;' or though he might be the greatest advocate of the christian system, and remover of difficulties from the minds of others, yet he were nothing did he not manifest christian charity in his intercourse with the world. Profound learning, and splendid talents, in the cause of truth, are comparatively vain without love; therefore to love God and man, is the great and first command.

The lesson of the Savior's words is important to all, and especially to those fearful ones who fall far short of accomplishing what they might accomplish, because of a want of faith in their own strength; and sit down wearied at the foot of the mountain, thinking they can never reach its summit, and mournfully pant for the prospect that would spread out before them, could they

but strengthen their step for the task of ascending; and there never weighs on the sensitive heart a more burdening feeling than a seeming consciousness of the inadequacy of its powers for the work given to perform. Our Savior sought to encourage his disciples. They were engaged in a mighty reform, and their crowns of rejoicing were the emancipated souls that by the power of the truth were delivered from the thralldom of sin and error, into the blessed liberty of the freemen of the Lord. In this work the disciples were faint hearted—the prospect seemed dark—they lacked confidence, and difficulties arose before them like mountains that could not be scaled, and caused them to shrink back overpowered by the magnitude of the work—like some of Napoleon's followers as they approached the everlasting Alps.

Without a strong belief in success, no mighty work was ever yet accomplished; Jesus had this faith, and never despaired; his disciples at times felt its strengthening power, and therefore at times were strong aids of their Master. As faith grew, like the mustard seed, fruit abounded; and when by the resurrection of Jesus the irremovable seal was set to the truth of his claims, and they perfectly understood his character, they were freed from doubt, made firm, and were ready to attest the strength of their faith on the scaffold, the block, or amid the burning pile.

The strength of religious faith is as strong against inward as outward foes; and as powerful to bear up under afflictions now, as in the days of the faggots and fire; hence to consider the strength of the principle of faith, when exercised by religion, and as developed by stirring incidents, learns us the importance of declaring the truth, and of diffusing far and wide the correct knowledge of our holy doctrine. Examples of moral heroism act powerfully on the human mind, but faith acts more powerful, inasmuch as the energetic exercise of that principle produced the character we admire. The *example* of Jesus Christ is of inestimable value to the world, but the religious *faith that produced that example* is worth more; so with the example and faith of Paul, and of all the great and good of history, or in existence. And so on the other hand, the examples of religious tyrants are not so much to be dreaded as the religious faith that formed them; and that faith should still be upheld to the eye of scorn, and be regarded with horror, lest the

cords, fires, and racks of the Inquisition be prepared in our midst.

Yea, there is no one thing that serves more to mould the human character, and stamp with beauty or deformity the actions of men, than their religious belief. It prompts the heathen to cast his body beneath the wheels of the ponderous car of Juggernaut—to lacerate his flesh, or plunge beneath the dark waves of the Ganges; the mother can, under the influence of her faith, see her child swallowed by the crocodile, and smile at his happy fate to die by the jaws of a god; or on the flaming altar its little body may be consumed, and a mother stand unmoved near by. The same principle in lands of gospel light has forced good minds into the dark wilds of madness, and transformed the parent into a fiend; and the enlightened man into an idiot—drove woman from the dear sanctuary of home into the unhallowed walls of the monastic cell, and poured the dark waters of hatred into the sweet fountains of affection; it has lit the fires of persecution, hardened still harder the heart of bigotry, and separated hearts that otherwise would have mingled into one.

But this is only the dark side of the picture. Religious faith—faith in the protection and eternal love of God, has moulded the sublimest characters that ever adorned the history of man. Abraham believed God, and that was the secret of his greatness; Jacob had like confidence, and hence his support under numerous and heavy afflictions; Moses cherished like faith, and turned from the pleasures of sin to become the law-giver and deliverer of his nation. And if heathen fables and traditions, and doctrines, have formed characters that blacken the records of our race, the christian faith hath done enough to redeem all that was forfeited, and presented examples of moral energy and heroism that claim justly the fervent admiration of the lover of virtuous excellence, of sublimated character, and sterling honesty and truth.

'Eyes that had never dwelt save on the fairest page of human life, have gleamed out from amidst the lurid flames, and looked up in calmness and in confidence to the mercy that lies beyond the skies; hands whose gentle office had been the constant ministration of tenderness and charity, have been clasped in fervent prayer, until they mingled with the ashes of the sinking pile; and voices whose sweet tones were once the natural minstrelsy of happiness and love,

have been heard above the crackling embers, and the shouts of brutal exclamation, hymning to heaven the pure melodious strains of seraphic joy. Fresh from the fount of domestic peace, young, innocent bosoms have been torn to bleed and writhe in the centre of the torturing fire, and trembling with the last throb of mortal agony, have borne unflinching testimony to the power of their faith.'

And such too has been the strength of that faith in the female breast, that woman has stood and braved the fury of the storm, while manly hearts have quaked with fear, and manly forms have fled the danger; hence the poet sings,

'Not she with traitorous kiss her Savior stung,
Not she denied him with unholy tongue;
She, while apostles shrank, could danger brave,
Last at his cross, and earliest at his grave.'

But there are examples of the power of strong and living faith less terrific, nearer home and our day, than those we have considered; in the immortal Murray, and in the venerated Ballou. How beautifully is the power of faith exemplified in the history, the simple, affecting, and honest history of holy John Murray. What a strengthener has it been to that other minister of God amid countless trials, snares, and bitter afflictions; now his heart is gladdened by the knowledge that he did not believe in vain; and when the Father of spirits shall call him to his heavenly home, that faith will be near in the last hour, and sustain him by an unfaltering trust—a hope full of immortal blessedness.

It was a noble faith that made the primitive christians invincible; that led the persecuted to the wilderness and the mountains; that brought our fathers across the broad waters; and when the iron heel of oppression pressed heavily on our country's glory, it was firm and holy faith in the justness of their cause, that guided the sons of the revolution on to victory and independence. It was faith in ultimate success that inspired the bold reformers in their mighty efforts to remove the mountain of corruption—of papal power and oppression; and the same looking forward to a glorious end has strengthened every valiant soldier in the battle of truth against error—reality against fiction, and made them mighty through God to the pulling down of strong holds, casting down imaginations, and every high thing which exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ.

If then the power of faith is so great—if it can impart such strength, energy, and perseverance, how important it is that we nourish this power of the mind, and have a noble faith toward every good word and work. Let the light of Divine truth shed its illumination into our hearts, and we be neither faint, nor weary, knowing that in due season we shall reap the harvest of well aimed exertions.

B*.

Song. To *****

Original.

My gentle and my cherished one !
The story of thy love
Is beautifully eloquent,
And angels from above,
Ne'er bore to heaven a fairer tale
Of duty met and done,
Of sacrifice for others weal,
Than of my cherished one !

It is not in the sportive dance,
And by the thrilling song,
That gentle woman only charms,
And bears the heart along
A captive in love's silken chains,
For prouder is her sway
Amid the scenes of peaceful home,
Where purest pleasures stay.

Let others praise the beauteous form
Of fashion's worship'd one,
The sparkling eye, and ruby lip,
The voice's magic tone,—
But I will sing thy faithful love,
My heart's own cherished queen !
And prouder am I of my theme
Than they of theirs I ween.

B*.

East Cambridge.

Maternal Influence.

Original.

IF ON earth there is a being that may well be called an angel of good, it is the good mother ; while on the other hand, if there is a demon of evil—one whose influence is the most devastating to the better qualities of humanity, it is the bad mother. Light and darkness, beauty and deformity, are not more widely distanced than these characters. To the one we owe the nourishing in the youthful heart of all those sweet and tender charities that cause the young to grow up in all the loveliness of moral beauty, in favor with God and men. But to the other we trace the kindlings of the fires of youthful passion, that increase to fierce wildness and strength, until, like the desolating hot winds of Africa, they are direful in their effects. Too little is the influence of the mother on the future character con-

sidered by those who regard the dispositions of children as the result of their own wilfulness, or caution ; the histories of many of the most startling geniuses of our world prove, that the mother moulded and tempered their characters ; and when '*Mary, the mother of Washington*,' was inscribed on the column that was erected to her memory, what eulogy could be more eloquent of praise, and what higher acknowledgment could be given of her wise influence in forming the character of that great, but what is more rare as connected with greatness, that good man, Washington!

How many have looked back on a dark and fearful life of crime and wretchedness, and traced it all to the example, neglect, and treatment of their mother ; while others have paused in their flight of fame, and gazing back on their bright and enviable path; have in devout gratitude acknowledged that they owed it all to the nurturing care of judicious maternal tenderness. One of the greatest generals of Greece, was seen to weep after a great victory was won by him, and the air rent with the shouts of praise ; the reason of his tears he said was, he wept to think of the joy the news would give his mother—his tears were those of overjoyed filial affection. And it is said of one of the great divines of Scotland, that he rejoiced not when an exalted dignity was conferred on him, because his mother was not alive to hear of it—'O how glad my mother would be if she was alive !' was all he could say. How tender and beautiful are the lines of the poet Cowper on the receipt of his mother's picture long after her death, beginning—

'O that those lips had language ! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smiles I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me ;
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
"Grieve not my child, chase all thy fears away !"'

And one of the most tender poets of our own day has sung sweetly of his mother,—

'My mother's voice ! how often creeps
Its cadence on my lonely hours !
Like healing sent on wings of sleep,
Or dew to the unconscious flowers.
I can forget her melting prayer
While leaping pulses madly fly,
But in the still unbroken air
Her gentle tone comes stealing by,
And years, and sin, and manhood flee,
And leave me at my mother's knee.'

The solicitude of a good mother for the future welfare of her children, is one of the strongest affections of the human heart ; but how often is

it erroneously directed by the strange thirst for worldly honor and wealth—for situations neither favorable to the virtue, or happiness, of their children. Little knowing that their sons are not able to withstand the thousand temptations of populous cities, parents in the country are eager to obtain situations for their offspring afar from home, where it is supposed they will have a chance to *rise in the world*, and become great among men. Thousands have thus been withdrawn from the pleasant paths of virtue and honorable industry, and led by mistaken kindness into the highway of wickedness and woe.

Many a mother has gazed on the moral beauty of her son with pride, as he left the paternal mansion beneath the green trees that shaded his youthful play-ground, and floating visions of ambition passed before her eyes as she gave the rich cheer—a *mother's blessing*! As he parted from her, fondly did she think he was advancing to high ranks of honor, and her son was soon, she thought, to be a great man in the world. But it is one thing to be a *great man* in the eyes of the world, and another to be a *good man* in the pure sight of God. Many think of the one, and forget the other; therefore the youth that might have become the pride, the ornament, and good counsellor of his native village—that might have lived to hear his name spoken with reverence, his advice received with deference, and his smile upon a cause regarded as a good omen of its success—that youth has been led by ill directed maternal solicitude to his bane—his destruction, amid the snares of the great city.

Maternal solicitude should regard more the virtue of the children, than their rank in the world of ambition. To be good is to be great; and the good only are worthy of honor, and alone should excite emulation. Let mothers look with earnest solicitude to the education of their children, and remember the declaration of one of the most profound judges of human nature—'Tis education forms the common mind.' And in every virtuous community, 'the mind is the standard of the man.' Give the child a good education—form within him a good mind, and you will have given him the richest wealth, the most valuable treasure, the surest estate. He will have the greatest aid to real advancement in the world, a power that man cannot wrest from him, nor adversity impoverish; the surest guard against the frauds of men, and the best guardian of his own virtue.

Look where you will in the active walks of men, and find a man who has risen from obscurity to *real honor* and *enviable fame*; search out the history of his elevation, seek for the secret of his advancement; and you will find that it was not wealth, nor any outer power, but the culture of mind—the industry of thought—the labor of intellectual study, that led him up the ladder of fame; and he cannot fall because he has a sure hold, and a firm step. Cultivate the mind, and guard your children from being flatterers and dishonest, and leave them confidently in the hands of a just God, whose benevolent providence will bless all their efforts in the race of life while virtue is the course. ARIAN.

Boston, Mass.

The Miniature.

Original.

WHAT a repository of beautiful and touching incidents is the memory of many an artist, whose pencil has often fixed on the ivory the features of the beloved one soon to be consigned to the tomb. How much could such tell of the poetry of love—of its holy beauty when lingering on the confines of mortality it seems to have caught a portion of the heavenliness of celestial spirits, that gives to the light of the eye, the expression of the countenance, and the tone of the voice, a charm not of earth. I well remember an incident told me some time since, of a miniature taken near the close of the pilgrimage of an amiable female, who cherished well the christian ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, and exhibited to the closing scene affection the most devoted.

Long, long was she a victim to a flattering and cheating sickness, and when it had so worn upon the springs of life that it could no longer deceive her, she strove with the heroism of affection to hide the startling truth from the chosen one, and long she did so. Though weak and languid through the day, scarce able to lift her hand or move her frame, yet if at eve he came in, she was another creature; and while disease was gnawing yet closer at her vitals, he fondly thought from her outward appearance, that she was recovering. Thus for months did she suffer and conceal; as the martyr at the stake hushes his cries, lest his sympathizing friends should suffer more at the sounds of shrieks of agony. It was most affecting to witness, as her sister

did, the weakness of this delicate creature when he was departed ; the exertion put forth to appear cheerful in his presence, was so great that it was only with much care and attention that she could be kept from fainting when he had gone ; and the first strength she recovered, was used to caution her sister not to let him know of her weakness.

We may well imagine that it was electrifying to him to be informed of the extremely dangerous nature of her illness by a friend, when he had not even dreamed of her being in danger. When he discovered the truth of the information, he could not but desire her to permit him to call an artist to sketch her features, that he might have the *image* of the face that had beamed with so much affection for him, when she was gone. But she did not readily consent—she wanted to hide still longer the truth from him, and asked him to wait a little longer till she should be better. At length she consented ; the artist came to her chamber, and she nerved herself to please the beloved. O it would have melted a heart of stone, and brought a tear to the sternest stoic's eye, to have witnessed the exertion of that sick one at that hour ; she strove with all her little strength to look cheerful as in brighter days, and never rested on an angel's face a sweeter smile than sat on hers. It was noble thus to exert herself—it was the nobleness of affection, and honorable as many a struggle that has found a bright page in history. The miniature was finished ; it wears her own mild and affectionate expression, and is a gem to the owner ; for there

'Affection's eye again can trace
The lineaments beloved so well.'

There is a moral—a beautiful moral connected with this simple sketch, worthy the attention of my fair readers. It comes from the affectionate solicitude which was manifested by the sick one to lessen the affliction of her friend and beloved. How careful was she to study his peace—to keep from repining and murmuring, choosing rather to suffer in secret silence, than to make known what she knew would deeply afflict. If all females were as cautious to keep from vain complaints and murmurs—to study the happiness of those around them, how happy would it be for their homes, and how amiable would it make them.

B*.

East Cambridge.

Where shall we bury Her?

Original.

WHERE shall we bury her,
The gentle and good ?
Where the flowers are blooming,
And singing birds brood ;
Where the clear light of heaven
Falls down on the grave,
And the soft dews of evening
The waving grass lave.

She loved thee, O nature !
When e'en but a child,—
Thy streams, and thy mountains,
Thy dark forests wild ;
Thy plants and thy flowers—
Their hues and their forms ;—
She loved thee, O nature !
In sunshine and storms.

Alas ! that we bury her !
'Tis hard, but we must ;
The mandate is spoken,
Now, dust unto dust !
Make ye her resting place
Mid fragrance and bloom,
That sweetness and beauty
May weep round the tomb.

'Tis fit that we leave her
In ground that she loved ;
The moans of the waters
Beside which she roved,
Will, borne by the zephyr,
Her requiem sing ;
And Spring's earliest flowers
Shall o'er her grave spring.

ARIAN.

Painting.

Original.

THE cultivation of the love of the Beautiful has done much toward releasing man from the thralldom of sense, in leading him to those refined and intellectual pleasures that charm but corrupt not, while their tendency is to draw the mind on from the contemplation of loveliness in nature and art to the first Author of beauty—God ! One proof of the intellectual advancement of a people, is an increased attention to, and patronage of the Fine Arts. Music, Poetry, Painting, and Sculpture, were the productions of an age of mental superiority above that in which the want of these was not felt ; as man increased in intellectual refinement, he sought them out, and they have warmed the imagination, thrilled the soul with gladness, fed the eyes with beauty, and handed down to distant ages the form and features of the wonderful among men. We rejoice at the evidence afforded of the steady advance of the fine arts in our country—of extended encouragement and patronage to the gifted and struggling devotees of the pen—

cil, whose genius would immortalize the forms of the illustrious, illuminate the historic deeds of their father-land, call the world to admire the bold beauty, the grandeur and poetry of American scenery, and rescue from the effacing power of time, the features of the departed beloved and good.

There are many associations connected with the beautiful art of painting, well calculated to enliven in the devotional heart the feelings of gratitude toward the Beneficent. How consoling is the reflection, that he has provided man with the talent to give almost life to the portraiture of the dear to our hearts, who have gone down to the grave, and present us with the image that has a magic charm to preserve memory in all its freshness—to call up, as in breathing existence, the departed in all the beauty of affection, and awaken the many tender associations in their history that united our hearts in a union that death could not wholly break. In vain does death attempt to take from us the excellent, the beautiful, and loved, if this art is permitted to exert its power for us. The green grass may wave over the resting place of the buried forms, and the mourning wind may seem to sigh that they are hidden from our sight, but the magic of the pencil can triumph over the grave, and while we hold communion with the spirit of the departed, permit us to gaze as it were on the very face of the loved and lost, and we feel that half the bitterness of bereavement is taken away.

Does society value as it should, and favor as it ought, this lovely art? That its gifts are prized is easily shown, by the care and pleasure with which portraits are preserved. And who would not, ere the grave shall have shrouded from view the features of the beloved parent, wife, husband, sister, or brother, have the image of the face of that one fixed on the canvas or the ivory, that it still may be with us with look affectionate and good, when the pale king shall have done his work? Is not *the portrait* the last thing to be parted with? O who would *sell* the precious miniature! The pen cannot describe the many reasons that make a correct likeness of a valued relative or friend dear, yea, envelope it with a sanctity that leads us to regard any recklessness towards it as profanation.

Is it not important that this art should be cultivated, and its cultivation encouraged? To us it is important; as all that increases man's love

of the beautiful, has a tendency to elevate his nature; and we are sure we have not words of descriptive eloquence at command to adequately describe the worth of the art of painting, considered under the three characters of portrait, landscape, and historical. That would be an exceedingly interesting dissertation, that should in a happy manner describe the pleasures of sense, imagination, and heart, afforded by these departments of painting, and their ultimate connection with some of the grandest and noblest efforts of the human mind, and the holiest and fondest affections of the heart.

It is one of the pleasurable duties of the conductors of periodical works to encourage deserving artists, and we deem it not at all foreign from the character of our Magazine, to introduce to the notice of the public the industrious, modest, and very talented miniature or portrait painter. We make known our admiration, and the beauties, of a favorite poet, and why should we not give the same notice to the sister, and no less beautiful art of painting? We tell our friends where they can go for the production of a good poet, and this we do from no sordid motive; and likewise we inform them where they can meet with an excellent artist, who can produce for them a gem, and this we do from no desire to puff, nor from any selfish motive.

We shall have done a worthy person a merited deed, if we are enabled to bring forward to the more favorable notice of the public, Mr. MOSES B. RUSSELL, *Miniature Painter, No. 2, Graphic Court, Boston*. He has not sacrificed all that is noble in his art to sordid gain—he has not sought for a fanciful style and gorgeous coloring that will make the plainest face beautiful; but he has bent his mind to copy nature, to present the perfect image of the living face, to throw around the miniature portrait the air of reality—to make *the illusion* complete. He is a *self taught* artist, and this is not his *misfortune*, but the basis of his *merit*. True, he has it not in his power to make a great display of the names of great masters, and of their having instructed him, but he has that which tells of honorable industry and concentrated application; and that he has the desire, that hungering and thirsting after excellence, which has marked the lives of the most eminent painters. We wish him that abundant success which his talents and application richly merit. He is a modest man, and

very easy with those who sit to him for a miniature.

At the next room to Mr. Russell can be seen some most admirable productions of the pencil—portraits from the master hand of Mr. B. Otis, recently from Philadelphia. He must be regarded as one of the most excellent portrait painters in our country. We were highly pleased with a portrait done in all the ease, animation, and illusion, of the style of Stuart. It was a grand effort, and the artist may well be proud of it. Such merit cannot but be in high repute, and richly rewarded. How much, thought we, while gazing on the portrait, how much must the power to produce such a noble effort, have cost him. How much labor, anxiety and study! We came from his room to our home—entered our study, and wrote in bolder characters than ever our motto—'PERSEVERANCE!'

The Walk in the Country.

Original.

'UP STAIRS for your bonnets, girls, and then we will take a stroll into the fields—'tis a delightful afternoon.'

Thus cried Edwin to a group of young ladies, who with speed that told the proposal was highly pleasing, made ready for a walk. It was a beautiful afternoon in June; a slight breeze had sprung up that made the air truly refreshing, and the skies were robed in splendor that might vie with Italy's brightest; the birds gave out their sweetest notes, and seemed not only to invite forth into nature's paths, but bade the heart be glad, while all around was so cheerful and bright.

Soon the party of four was ready, and sallied out for the enjoyment of as sweet a pleasure as the city can give—a delightful walk in the country. They pursued the path they entered till it led them to the brow of a mountain, where they halted to admire and enjoy the beautiful situation and prospect. Beneath them lay a verdant valley, from whence arose the rapturous tones of the wood-land choristers, which came up to the listening ears of the party like a full anthem of cheerful and enthusiastic praise. A small lake stretched itself out in the distance, and flowed on in quiet beauty; while the gurgling streams that hastened along the crags and cliffs of a neighboring hill, seemed to laugh heartily as they tumbled over the rocks and dashed the

loose pebbles before them, and contended for the floating sprigs that chanced to drop in their way from the overshadowing trees. As the eye extended its survey of the prospect, it could catch a dim view of the city, which appeared like a fairy picture, as the reflection of the white sunny clouds rested on the spires and roofs of the most elevated buildings, and gave them the appearance of being covered with snow.

So grand and beautiful was the sight that the party remained for a considerable time in silent admiration; two of them skipped off to gather some flowers, but one of the number, a dark eyed girl from the city, seemed ready to soar to the clouds to carry to heaven some happy news, so full of enthusiastic admiration was the expression of her countenance. She stood like a statue; one hand lifted as if in surprise, the other arm laid motionless at her side, and from the hand dangled the little cottage bonnet she had worn. Her eyes were riveted on the grand and lovely scene before her, and in their brilliancy you could read that she felt she was contemplating a picture more glorious than the poet had ever conceived, or the artist called forth by the magic of his pencil.

'Wherefore so silent, cousin?' exclaimed Edwin.

She started at the sound of his voice, but soon answered—'Who would not be silent at beholding so much beauty—so much of God!'

'It is because you associate the beautiful with the Author of beauty, that the scene is to you so grand,' rejoined Edwin.

'Yes, and the world seem to understand but little how the one is heightened by a remembrance of the other—they know not why it is that the sight of such a prospect as this before us should stir the deepest fountains of feeling, and awake intenser admiration than the stores of the gallery of Art.'

'Right, sweet cousin; it is *association* that creates the charm—it makes a feature in a landscape remind us of a youthful play ground, and brings up all the memories of those happy days—it was this that made the Swiss soldiers weep and brave the dangers of desertion on hearing the plaintive melody of *Ranz des vaches*, that brought vividly to mind 'Sweet Home,' the mountains trod by their youthful feet, their innocent and simple pleasures, and the many friends of their hearts—it is this that gives to the beautiful Scotch airs their powerful charm over the

feelings of Scotland's sensitive son, and makes him wish again to behold her mountain scenery, and the hills consecrated by daring and noble deeds—it is this that causes the hearing of some familiar song sung that wakens feelings too deep for utterance or tears—it is this that gives a picture more sacredness in the eyes of some than others, and will make some linger in tearful admiration, while others sweep carelessly by, or perhaps smile at some feature in the picture—it is this that—

'Stop, most eloquent cousin—your last allusion reminds me of one of the beautiful poet Willis' sweetest pieces—well do I remember it—wilt hear it, cousin?'

'Yes, for thou hast a voice tuned to the breathings of genuine poetry—say on,' said Edwin.

'The poet is telling of the dark thoughts that sometimes steal into his mind—how ungrateful man is for the loveliness spread all around him—that even woman's heart is too often dead to high thoughts and noble sentiments—and he continues—

"I was in one of those high halls
Where genius breathes in sculptured stone,
And shaded light in softness falls
On pencilled beauty. They were gone
Whose hearts of fire and hands of skill,
Had wrought such power, but they spoke
To me in every feature still,
And fresh lips breathed, and dark eyes woke,
And crimsoned cheeks flushed glowingly
With life and motion, I had knelt
With Mary, at the tree
Where Jesus suffered, I had felt
The warm blood rushing to my brow,
At the stern buffet of the Jew.
Had seen the son of glory bow,
And die for sins he never knew.
And I had wept—
I thought that all must feel like me;
And when there came a stranger, bright and beautiful,
With lips of love, and eyes of flame,
And tone, and look, most sweetly blent
To make her presence eloquent.
O! then I look'd for tears—
We stood before the scene on Calvary;
I saw the piercing spear, the blood,
The gall, the writhe of agony;
I saw his quivering lips in prayer,
'Father, forgive them'—all were there;
I turned in bitterness of soul,
And spake of Jesus. I had thought
Her feelings would refuse control;
For woman's heart I knew was fraught
With gushing sympathies.
She gazed a moment on in carelessness,
Then coldly curled her lip,
AND PRAISED THE HIGH PRIEST'S GARMENT.
Could it be,
Dear Lord, that smile was meant for thee?
Oh! what is woman—what her smile—
Her looks of love—her eyes of light—

What is she, if her lips revile
The lovely Jesus. Love may write
His name upon her marble brow,
And linger in her curls of jet—
The light spring flower may scarcely bow
Beneath her feet—and yet, and yet,
Without that meeker grace, she'll be
A lighter thing than Vanity."

'Right eloquent!' exclaimed the enraptured Edwin—for such was the beauty of her recitation that it seemed like an angel poet breathing out inspiration.

'The poet is not alone in his feelings, for I have often felt the same bitterness

— in those high halls
Where shaded light in softness falls
On pencilled beauty,

when while admiring some most touching picture the sportive jest has sounded in my ears from some unfeeling one. O for the free hills of the country, where we can think, speak, and admire, without the interruption of dull insensitive beings.'

'Yes, cousin, there is certainly a charming freedom here—upon the mountain's top, beside the rolling stream, in the deep forests, or the valley's winding paths, that cannot be found in the city. There we are forced to be more artificial beings than here—there we see more of art, here more of nature.

* * * * The two maidens who had strolled away from Edwin and his cousin, *so called*, now came up, and laughed heartily at what they called the *romance* of their friends. Romance or not, *something* had made Edwin entirely forget that he came forth with more than one companion, and he attempted to apologize for his neglect.

'O no apology,' cried they in the same breath; and with light and bounding step the whole party returned to the house they left, made happier by their ramble.—That dark eyed maiden is now a *wife*.

H.

C—

Truth.

Original.

ETERNAL Truth, Omnipotent alone!
Man's hope of bliss is fastened to thy throne;
Creation's order, harmony and joy,
Are all from thee—thou only can'st destroy;
Thou guidest onward the vast race of man,
To the perfection of a glorious plan.

What mind by searching can e'er find out thee?
For who can comprehend Infinity!

Man knows thee not, save as he knows a star,
Dimly discerned as beauteous from afar ;
Or as the moon, in silent depths of night,
Softly reflects the sun's refulgent light.

Forever onward is the march that leads
To things unveiled, where man thy glory reads ;
And learns to love, to worship, and adore,
The great I AM ! who is forevermore
Unfolding proofs of everlasting love
To man below, to angels pure above !

Eternal Truth ! when thou doth manifest
Thyself to man, may he with holy zest,
Not hide the revelation in his heart,
But to the world the secret word impart,—
Help on the time when mind shall all be free,
In freedom glorious—Truth's liberty !

Females and the Temperance Cause.

Original.

WOMAN suffers much from man's intemperance, and she should put forth her strength to aid the removal of this cause of suffering. How many might have been saved from the degradation of a drunkard's fate, had woman in the power of a virtuous and feeling heart, resisted with the eloquence of persuasive affection the beginning of the vice in the loved one. Woman must not smile on the wine cup, nor look with indifference on the taking a little of the tempter in the domestic home. She can do much to wean the relative or friend from the ruinous indulgence, in a way that man cannot copy, and the addicted will hear much from her gentle voice which they would not permit their own sex to speak to them.

To show how the charming delicacy of woman can produce good effects in the cause of temperance, we will relate a little incident we have heard, and which to us was very interesting. It is of a lady, the wife of a wealthy and influential individual, who saw with no little sorrow the frequent visits her husband made to the wine closet, and she feared lest he should fix on himself a habit that would ruin his character and destroy the peace of his home. She knew him to be *proud* ; she knew he would not go to any public place for drink, and she felt assured that if she could debar his access to the closet in some manner that would not cause him to suspect her agency, she would destroy the growing habit. She hit upon a plan, and resolved on attempting the experiment. She invited company to visit her—some familiar friends who were wont to tarry some length of time, and contrived that some should be in the room where

the wine closet was all the time ; by this manœuvring, and many unperceived arts, she kept him away from the bottle—for he was *too proud* to go for strong drink in the presence of visitors. At length he remarked to his wife that he had not drank a glass for a great while, and really felt better without the stimulant, and was resolved to use it no more.

The tears of gratified love flowed from her eyes as she confessed to him her stratagem—her fears, and how happy she was in the reward of her solicitude for his peace and reputation. His heart was now more hers than it had ever been ; he blessed her for her delicacy and kindness, and showed his gratitude by his future course. He who but for an affectionate wife's delicacy and address, might have become an intemperate, a burden to himself, a curse to his home, and a reproach to his race, was in fact raised to some of the highest offices in his native state, and lived a most powerful friend and aid of the cause of human improvement.

Let not the moral be regarded with indifference, but let it be felt and applied.

ESKAH.

Jessie Cameron.

Original.

'ART thou beautiful ? Live then in accordance with the curious make and frame of thy creation, and let the beauty of thy person teach thee to beautify thy mind with holiness, the ornament of the beloved of God.'

ALLAN CAMERON was a descendant of the warlike clan of Camerons, who were so prominent in the famous revolt of 1745, and who were so signally defeated, together with the prince whose cause they had espoused, in the memorable battle of Culloden.

Though the echoes of the drum and bagpipe were hushed upon the blue mountains, and down the deep glens of Albin, when Allan first opened his young eyes upon the mists and heaths of his native Highlands, yet he had inherited much of the warlike spirit and martial fire of his ancestors, which was destined, however, to vent itself only in the piping of those national marches and war songs, that in the more rebellious periods of Scottish history, had led the fearless chieftains forth in their blue bonnets and plaids, to the gory battle fields.

Young Cameron led a herdsman's life in a beautiful glen near the foot of Ben-Nevis, till his eighteenth year found him deprived of his pa-

rents, and also of the flock that he had tended with such assiduous care upon the heathy mountains;—the former called to the green pastures and still waters of Paradise, the latter, to the 'Bonnie Highland Hills' of a greedy creditor. The proud young shepherd felt the spirit of his forefathers rise within him at the thought of becoming a servant to others, and laboring for hire—he who could trace his ancestry back to the devoted Covenanters, who maintained their religious liberties by the strength of their arms, and when their kirks could not afford them security, worshipped their God among cairns and craigs, in caves and grottos—the magnificent cathedrals of nature! Therefore as the dry soil and cold climate of his native country could not afford him support without labor, he bade it adieu, and taking with him a blue eyed lassie, embarked in a vessel bound to Carolina.

Several of the latest generation of his forefathers, with the chieftains of other clans concerned in the rebellion of '45, had emigrated to this country, and this was probably what decided his destination. He had a paternal uncle upon its shores, wealthy and unwedded, from whom he hoped to receive such assistance as would place him above the world, and enable him to pass his days in freedom and ease. Nor was he disappointed; his uncle welcomed him as he would a son, and learning his destitute condition, endowed him with a small but highly productive plantation, upon which he resided several years, though not very contentedly. Visions of mountains and moorlands, gray mists and blooming braes, that he had left in Scotland, would dart athwart his mind, with a vividness that would allow him no rest, and breed a homesickness for which he could find no cure.

Six years had elapsed since he had trod upon a mountain, or carried a snowy lamb in his arms, and though the music of his pipe might be heard every evening, stealing from his terrace over the fields of cane and cotton, and lingering in the limegroves and orange bowers, its martial tones seemed like the warbling of an imprisoned bird; they needed the deep glens and hollow rocks of Caledonia, to reverberate their full, clear melody; and as the Highlander listened breathlessly but vainly, to catch the deep echo that used to greet his ear in his native land, he would throw down his pipe, and brush the tear from his brown cheek, heartsick and weary.

And then at his table he missed the rich mel-

low potatoes, the warm barley cake and hard sweet butter, that graced the board where his boyhood feasted; no smoking venison, or cool rich milk such as he loved at home, greeted his pampered appetite here—but he had dainties such as the cottage homes of Scotland can never boast, luxuries that they know not of,—and yet, for one cup of the crystal water that springs in its beauty over the hard rocks of Ben-Nevis, he would gladly have bartered them all.

His uncle would hear nothing to his proposition of returning to his native isle, and reminded him that he had scarcely a friend upon its shores, whereas in America he had many who loved and respected him; and as for himself, he could never survive the day that would carry the son of his adoption away from the love of his aged heart. And Jessie too,—the dear little Jessie—it would snap the cords of his soul to be parted forever from the sweet bairn; however, if her father was going to die a pining for a mountain and a snowstorm, he might sell his plantation, and go search for them at the north. With this permission, Allan Cameron took leave of his kind uncle and the land he had never loved, and sought a home among the Green Mountains of New England. Not very far from the blue waters of Lake Champlain, in a romantic dell among the mountains, where the Otter Creek steals through, to gladden the sylvan dingles and evergreen thickets, he built him a neat little cottage, and here with a level field of arable land, (that he had purchased for the production of potatoes and corn) a flock of sheep, his pipe and staff, and a spinning wheel and loom for his pretty wife, he felt himself once more at home.

Jessie, his only child, was growing up a creature of rarer beauty than had ever danced in the green valleys of Vermont. Like a young antelope, she was gay and fearless when abroad in the grand solitude of nature, but when her merry steps brought her inadvertently amidst a crowd, no fawn of the forest could be more timid or trembling. Every dawning of the summer's sun, save those consecrated Sabbath dawns that the christian hallows in his heart as the seasons of the deepest meditation and praise, found her leaping over the tall cliffs that even the goats did not venture to climb, blending her small sweet voice with the mellow tones of the rills, and pouring out upon the rosy air, some little Gaelic song that she had learned of her mother. And oftener yet, perhaps, she would

strive to emulate the bass tones of her father's voice, in the execution of some martial air, that would better have befitted the lips of a heroine of war—a Joan of Arc, a Flora McDonald, or even our own revolutionary heroine, Deborah Sampson. Yet in all her free rambles upon the mountain tops, the radiant Jessie had ever a companion, who would lead her over the rocks and precipices, wheresoever her wandering propensities would dictate, proud to be a pioneer to a creature so beautiful.

Frank Percival and Jessie Cameron were like children of the same family, in those days of ripening childhood—content to build their pleasures upon the golden sands of the present; and though now and then, one of the silvery minarets that crown the citadels of poets, what the Frenchmen call *chateaux en Espagne*, rose up like a fairy fabric in the sky of their future, it appeared to them no more beautiful than the scenes of present enjoyment. But human wants and cares grow with human years, and the gay companions, when they had crossed the threshold of their teens, found other employment than roaming upon the hill sides, and other wealth to glean, than that fragrant store of gems spread over the fields and vales, which had been the object of younger desires. Frank was seen oftener in the cornfield with his hoe, and Jessie oftener within her pleasant home, turning the busy spinning wheel. They met far more seldom than before, yet always with a warmer welcome, a gladder smile, a deeper blush. Love had bound their hearts before, with what those skilled in symbolic intelligences would have termed a *pink* cord—strange what possessed the wayward sprite to change it for a *blue*, and strange too, that he should *deepen* the dye, as year after year poured goodness and beauty upon their heads!

* * * * *

A bright fire was blazing upon the hearth in Mr. Cameron's parlor, when the old clock told the tenth hour of Christmas eve. Wreaths and festoons of evergreens were suspended tastefully about the white walls, and rich clusters of laurel were grouped upon the window seats and mantle-piece. The smooth polished floor could boast neither paint nor carpet, but its snowy whiteness was an ostensible evidence of the neatness of the industrious housewife—a quality more to be prized than mere ornament.

In front of the fire, in an arm chair of gigantic dimensions, evidently intended for comfort rather

than elegance, reposed the powerful frame of the Highlander, and upon a small deal table at his side, lay an open Bible. Time had not yet woven a silver thread with his dark locks, nor drawn a deep furrow upon his cheeks, yet there were lines as expressive as any that age delineates—marks as strong and decided as the pencillings of years. The graphic curvature of his lips, the haughty glance of his eye, were but faint revelations of the pride that filled his heart,—a pride that religion could not subdue, because alas! it did not enter the holy of holies, to crush the root of the tenacious weed; debarred from the inner temple, it could only conceal what it should have destroyed. In the corner sat his little wife, the picture of quiet ease and affectionate simplicity. She had put on her nicest kirtle and bodice, the simple fashion of Scotland and covered her yellow locks with a pretty cap that was reserved for holidays and sabbaths.

On a low stool between her parents sat their beloved Jessie, her little head rising up with its wealth of bright golden curls, that were floating over a neck dazzling as burnished ivory; and her radiant face, that might have 'witched an angel from his hymn,' upturned to her father's in proud, loving confidence, like the morning star beaming effulgence upon a cloud. A dark dress of Scottish plaid, and a blue satin ribbon tied round her slender throat, were the chief articles of personal adornment, though the gold ring that glittered upon the dimpled hand resting on her father's knee, might, perhaps, be included in the simple catalogue. Was there not some fond spell in that little golden circlet, that attracted so many glances from her blue, blue eyes? ay, and that misled many a thought too, that should have been mingling its incense with the devotional strain that her father's voice bore up from the shrine of celestial revelations? Not the excelling beauty of the rosy finger it encircled, nor the simple elegance of the jewel itself, could awaken such deep blushes, or quick beatings of the heart—but the too fond remembrance of a sweet confession that had been breathed in her ear, when the ring was placed upon her hand, the unceasing revolution of the electric words within her mind,—these had a charm to draw her thoughts from the worship of the Eternal God, to something very like a worship of one made in his image—a frail and fallible mortal.

Mr. Cameron and his wife sat many minutes

after their daughter had retired, silently gazing at the crumbling embers, which were affording a theme for a not unprofitable speculation, (though it might chance to be of neither land nor rail-roads) as their material elements were decomposed and reduced to their primitive dust, whilst the etherial essence was rising upward like the souls of the dying toward the home of all spiritualities.

'Jenny, my love,' spake the husband after considerable effort and hesitation, 'kén ye who gave our beauteous bairn the ring that dazzles her bright een so powerfully? Was it Frank Percival, think ye?'

'Ay, very like,' replied she, 'and a pretty gift it was too, for the like of him.'

'Does Jessie love him?' he inquired impatiently, 'if you're a mother, ye'll be like to know the feelings of your child.'

'I doubt it not, she loves him as she does her life—but why do you ask me that question now?'

'I would that I had asked it earlier,' replied he, vehemently, 'before the fool had stolen her heart from her prayers, and made her forget her dignity and honorable station for a poor, paltry love, that can bring her nothing but poverty and disgrace! Think, Jenny, for one moment, what her lot might have been in dear auld Scotland, where her beauty would have melted the heart of more than one proud laird. There's the young laird of Glendowry, as bonny a lad as trod the Highlands, when we left the auld countrie,—who knows but he might have taken her to be the light of his halls—he'll never find a brighter, or a fairer, I ween.'

'Allan, my love!' said his gentle wife, reprovingly, 'you do wrong to Frank Percival. Is he not handsome, brave and freehearted? Is he not prudent and thrifty? And what if he be poor? *We* were poor once—ay, poorer even than *he*! And what if Jessie's beauty would gain her a laird? He might break her heart as the Earl Verdale did the heart of his sweet bride, when he became enamored of the haughty lady of Strathland. And Allan, who is there of all her acquaintance so gay and sweet tempered as Frank Percival? Young John Brown is rich, but he is ignorant and ill bred,—Squire Haven's sons are profligate,—and Sam Crossing is auld and ugly,—*they* surely will not do for our Jessie—and would you have her always live a maid, because she cannot wed a title?'

Mr. Cameron, though not convinced, was si-

lenced by her reasoning, and he gave up the subject till more obvious demonstrations of an engagement might make it necessary for him to resume it. He was resolved that Jessie should never marry 'the unportioned son of a New England farmer,' while there remained the least prospect of a higher destiny awaiting her, and he strove to awaken pride and ambition in her innocent and unsuspecting heart, that she might yield the more unresistingly to whatever schemes of aggrandizement he might see fit to plan out for her. He would often picture a life of luxury and greatness, draw scenes of magnificence, and dazzle her mind with panoramas of pleasure, that he made her distinctly understand, were to be gained only by the magical *open sesame* of wealth; thus himself leading astray the guileless spirit that it was his duty to guard from wandering; and for the gratification of his own ambitious desires, preparing a path of sorrow and sin, where he willed that the gentle dove of his home should tread, that perchance she might find her reward in a gilded nest. Jessie was disposed to yield a willing ear to all her father's glowing descriptions of rank and opulence, and thought that she herself should be right glad to hold a high station, always provided, that Frank Percival was to be the partner of it, for ambition had not yet subdued love.

* * * * *

The hush of evening—evening warm and luxuriant, had fallen like sweet, spiritual peace, over one of the high mountains that enfolded the quiet valley, known among its little band of inhabitants by the poetic name of Rosedale; but upon every other rang the loud halloos of herdsmen gathering their scattered sheep in flocks, the bleating of lambs, and lowing of kine, the vociferous music of a thousand clamorous Guinea hens, that had gratified their perambulating propensities by exploring the thickets and brushwood about the bases of the mountains, and were now reposing upon the cedar boughs; and clearer, and more more euphaneous far, the shrill echoes of the Highlander's pipe.

Jessie Cameron was abroad as usual at the close of day, and with her accustomed coyness seeking the wildest and most unbroken solitude. Her feet trod where few other feet could tread, leading her through almost impervious thickets, and shades sombre as night, over the rocks of the one undisturbed mountain whose wooded sides few but the huntsman would continue to

traverse, and bearing her up from cliff to cliff, till the topmost was gained, and the whole vast view was spread out before her eyes.

A wonder it would have been to those unacquainted with her adventurous spirit, how she could ever have reached that rock, so far above the forest of firs and savins, that looked impenetrable, and so tall and steep of itself, as it rose a stern and unbending aristocrat, above the loftiest trees of the forest. This feat, however, was nothing new to her; she had performed it many a time before, though not often alone. Frank had usually been her companion, and she was wondering why he had not observed her now, as was his wont whenever her steps were bent for a ramble. She remembered not having seen him that day, and but once the day previous; it was possible he might be absent from Rosedale, though it was a marvel he had not informed her of his intention to perpetrate such an unusual deed. She stood speculating upon the whys and wherefores of his non-appearance, till she became pettish and dispirited, and thought of the risk to which she had exposed her cambric frock, in scrambling through the multiplicity of briars that beset her path, all for the poor privilege of standing *alone* upon the highest rock in Rosedale! She now for the first time observed the sad rent she had made in her blue kid slipper—it was entirely spoilt, and when she should ever be able to procure another pair so *very* pretty, she could not tell—she had half a mind to be angry with Frank for not making his appearance, when he must have known where such an evening would have invited her. She little surmised that he was lying prostrate upon his bed, panting for the breath of life—delirious, and calling continually upon her name.

‘Nymph of the mountains!’ spoke a voice from beneath the rock, ‘if thou deignest to speak to mortals, tell me, I pray thee, of some path that will lead me from this savage wilderness.’

Jessie half fainted at the sound of a strange voice, speaking in a tone of so much levity, and came still nearer to it, when her eyes fell upon the miracle of humanity (so he seemed to her) that had addressed her. He was tall, elegantly tall, with a glittering black eye, jetty hair, and whiskers and mustachios of the same hue—and there was an air of *hauteur* and *nonchalance* in his bearing, that marked him at once, an exotic in the mountain wilds. He would never have been mistaken for one of the sober-suited sect,

for his garments were foppish, and of the richest texture, and when the glove was withdrawn from his very white hand, divers jewels sparkled upon his long flexible fingers,—such fingers as Lady Morgan says, go with a serpentine character. A green morocco girdle, strapped over the shoulders, was buckled about his waist, to which was suspended a handsome rifle, a leather pouch, and a brace of beautiful shell-ducks, with soft salmon-colored breasts. He was pale, as though suffering from ill health, but there was something *distingue* in his countenance, that bespoke him one not wanting in intellect and good breeding, however questionable might be his moral character.

‘Is there no path leading to fryth, or glade, or spot where the light of heaven is seen, fair lady?’ inquired he in a voice more serious and respectful than before. ‘Do not be frightened,’ he continued, noting her paleness and agitation, ‘My rifle has done harm to this pretty pair of wild fowls, with a barbarous recklessness, it is true, but it shall never injure thee, bright bird of the forest!’

This speech did not by any means assure her. She had no fear of man’s cruelty, but she dreaded his observation, shrunk from his glance, and to meet such a specimen of humanity, in this wild spot, with such piercing, soul searching eyes, was an adventure she would gladly have avoided. What then was her consternation to see him climbing up the rude steps that led to the platform of the rock upon which she stood! She looked about her for a point of escape, but every side presented an abyss filled with trees and brush, that it would have been death to encounter in a leap, and therefore nothing remained to her, but the dreadful alternative of meeting the stranger face to face. He found some difficulty in gaining the summit to which he aspired, and gave Jessie time to recover her reason before he again addressed her.

‘I make but an awkward business of clambering up rocks, you will think, I suppose,’ said he, smiling as he took off his hunting cap, and bowed low in the presence of the timid Jessie. ‘But as it is my *debut* on a mountain crag, I deem it quite a brilliant achievement, notwithstanding it may appear very ludicrous in your eyes. But bless me! what a magnificent view this point presents—magnificent indeed! There is something admirably picturesque in the little village half buried among the trees; the white spire of

the church shooting up from amid their green foliage—the rural cottages scattered hither and thither, with ever and anon an edifice making pretensions to gentility—the bright blue river, meandering through mid clumps of trees, and battlements of rocks—the mountains vicinal, and the mountains remote—altogether, what a scene for a painter !

‘You are an amateur of the art, I perceive,’ replied Jessie, mustering courage to speak, now that his eyes had been for a moment withdrawn from her face, ‘but if you are so enthusiastic now, when the whole landscape lies in shade, what would be your emotions when viewing it in the rich light of the morning ! Imagine, sir,’ she continued, becoming quite earnest in her description, ‘imagine, sir, the glorious appearance of the sun, rising up from behind that forest of dark firs, and pouring his golden rays upon the wood-clad mountains, the green, shorn hills, and the sylvan dales—all lying beneath a veil of dark gray mist, which is soon brightened to a soft transparent silver—and as it breaks away from the fertile valley, and rolls slowly up the sides of the mountains, it reveals the little village all fresh and verdant in its native beauty, reminding one of those isles of enchantment dreamed of in sleep, floating upon the billowy seas of silver.’

‘How passing beautiful it must be !’ exclaimed the stranger earnestly ; ‘I will certainly see it in that light, if I can find a guide to lead me back here to the rock, for without one I am quite sure I could never find it again, unless kind chance should do me the same favor it now has ;—but speaking of the village, whose is that white cottage standing upon an eminence to the left of the church, half covered with honey suckles and woodbine, with a trellised walk leading from the door plat to the gate ?’

‘That is my father’s,’ replied Jessie, who now felt quite at ease with her new acquaintance.

‘Ah ! indeed, and whose is that with the white-washed fence, and eglantine clustered about the windows—more humble, but very picturesque and beautiful ?’

‘Mrs. Percival lives there,’ said Jessie, blushing as she pronounced the name.

‘A widow, with an only son, is she not ?’ inquired the curious stranger, casting a scrutinizing glance upon her glowing countenance.

‘She has but one son, I believe.’

‘You believe—then you are not acquainted ?’

‘Oh yes, sir, we are ; I know—I am sure—I am very certain, she has but one son.’

‘Oh well ! it makes but little difference with me, whether she has one or twenty,’ replied he, assuming a very careless air, but to conclude my queries—may I learn the name of my new and very interesting friend ?’

‘My name is Jessie Cameron, sir.’

‘Ah ! a Cameron ! from Scotland then, I presume ?’

‘My parents are from that country, sir. I am a native of America.’

‘We can both boast of foreign extraction, then, though ourselves Americans. My father was a Frenchman—my mother, the daughter of a Spanish grandee of decayed fortune ; they married without the consent of either parent,—the Frenchman disapproving of an alliance that brought no wealth—the Spaniard disdaining it because it added no new title or rank, to a house that could boast of nothing else. The disobedient pair were obliged to flee the continent, with a weight of curses upon their devoted heads, and after being fugitives upon the ocean, for the space of several months, they at length found a refuge in New York. My grandfather, however, upon his death bed forgave his son, and made him heir of all his wealth, which was by no means inconsiderable. My parents are now both dead, and I have no relative in America, save an only sister, who is resident in New York. As for your humble servant, Louis Gerard, he has been a wanderer for the last three years, seeking lost health. Two years of this term have been spent in the warm climate of France and Spain, without benefit ; the third, in wandering to and fro upon my native shores, with as little success ; and I am now making an experiment of the Vermont air, which has already recruited me more than all the fragrance of Austral climes, or the virtuous waters of the perfumed Saratoga. Quite an episode I have entertained you with, rather unconsciously too ; but one is apt to grow eloquent discoursing of one’s-self.’

‘The narrative has not been tiresome, I assure you, Mr. Gerard. And now, if you will accept of a very poor guide, I am ready to leave the mountain, and will be your pioneer to the best of my uncertain knowledge. The shades of the forest are becoming very heavy, and a night in a wild wood like this, is not to be much coveted, even by one so fond of adventure, as I will allow myself to be.’ So saying, she skipped

nimbly down the steps of the rock, followed rather slowly by her uninitiated companion, and shaping her course due east, led him for the term of half an hour, at no very moderate pace, over some of the raggedest ledges and most unmannerly briars, it had ever been his lot to encounter. They emerged at length from the almost total darkness of the woodland, into the pale twilight of the valley, and here the gentleman offering his arm, they pursued the remainder of the way leisurely and somewhat loquaciously, considering the brevity of their acquaintance. They parted at the gateway, the gentleman expressing his intention of calling upon the morrow, and remarking that his health would be almost too soon recruited, could he enjoy such delightful rambles every evening—with such a delightful companion too.

A long account of her adventure, did Jessie have to relate to her parents, when she became calm enough to arrange her reminiscences into something like a connected narrative; and she could not but perceive with a secret pleasure, that her father was gratified by the occurrence. When she was about to retire for the night, her mother informed her in a whisper, that Frank Percival was very ill of a lung fever, and unable to recognize his dearest friends.

This was very sad news to Jessie, but it was far from producing the effect, a few hours earlier announcement would have done. Alas! the honeyed poison had wrought its mischief!

‘Affection chained her to that heart,—
Ambition tore the links apart.’

This, however, was but the first symptom of the insidious disease, and so trivial in itself, that its victim was not aware of its existence. She mourned for Frank’s misfortune—wept for his sufferings,—but her tears found their channels in the smiles that came with the memory of the fascinating stranger—and Louis Gerard occupied more than half the thoughts that were wont to be *all* devoted to Frank Percival.

Weeks flew by on golden wings—weeks and months. Louis Gerard became the acknowledged lover of the frail—the fickle Jessie. Frank Percival was forgotten, or remembered only as one too insignificant to waste a tear upon, although his fever had settled into a slow disease, that seemed premonitory of the fatal destroyer.

There were times however, when conscience, the still, small voice that is *never* hushed, whispered all too audibly of broken faith and treach-

erous vows—there were moments, when the love that her heart had nourished in its taintless innocence, came back like a torrent long restrained, and swept pride, ambition, and gaudy hopes from her soul, leaving the faultless picture of former joys, bright and unsullied as a vision of Heaven. But like the haze that a transient breeze may scatter, gathered again the floating visions of pomp and pageantry;—the gorgeousness of wealth—the homage of a flattering throng—these—these alas! even in perspective, intoxicated a mind that was led by the pride of a parent, unsupported to the temptation.

Mr. Cameron was satisfied beyond his hopes, in the alliance that he fondly believed awaited his daughter, and heard with ill concealed gratification a request from Louis Gerard, that Jessie might accompany him on his return to the city, and pass the ensuing winter with his sister at their mansion. Jessie accepted the proposal with great joy. She had past most of her short life among the mountains, unseeing and unseen, and she hailed the prospect of a visit to a great metropolis, as an event that augured much pleasure and more adventure—excitements that she loved but too well. She was fast losing the simplicity of her nature, and becoming ‘of the earth, earthy.’ Scenes, that a few months before she would have shrunk from with fear, were now sought and loved—the admiration that her beauty every where received, now rose up like a sweet incense to her vain heart—and religion, that her soul had venerated before it became filled with worldly pride, was now a thing forgotten, if not contemned. ‘Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall.’

And knew Frank Percival of the change that this short time had wrought in the heart of one he loved? When his health admitted the visits of friends, how eagerly did he watch for the bright form that so loved to linger at his side, in every hour and every place, where fate permitted—and how long did he watch in vain! Then came the bitter truth—the knowledge of all her frailty, her inconstancy, her perjured faith. But he bowed his head, and acknowledged that God was just. He reproached himself for having bestowed so much of that affection which was due to his Creator, upon a creature born of earth—a child of sin and fallibility—a mortal, like himself. He prayed earnestly for her happiness—for her preservation from the sins as well as the sorrows of human life, and pleaded for every

blessing that the goodness of God could bestow, to be showered abundantly upon her head,—whilst he, himself, sat lonely in his chamber, suffering the pains of physical disease, and the sorer anguish of a bleeding heart.

It was on the first of the month of October, that Jessie was to leave the humble village of Rosedale, for the queen of western cities, and the last night of September was now drawing nigh. Every thing was arranged for an early departure; her scanty wardrobe was decorated, new-modeled and neatly packed—the last pin had lent its aid to the bow upon her bonnet—and the one solitary book that was privileged to a corner of her well-filled trunk, conveyed to its safe resting place. It was a small volume entitled *Parisian Politeness*; did the reader suppose it the Bible?

Jessie threw herself upon her bed and closed her eyes. For the first time since its contemplation the anticipated visit seemed odious. Home—parents—every thing was to be left behind that she loved—and what ills might she not encounter, in the strange world to which she was going. Every thing that she loved? Ah! yes! *every thing*! she felt it—she knew it—and burying her face in her pillow, she burst into a passion of tears.

The moon rose full in the east and showered its bright rays upon her golden head—the faint stars gazed in at her windows, like pitying angels—the winds moaned amid the crimson foliage of the maples—yet they were heeded not by the weeping maiden, for her soul was rent with grief. Hour after hour passed by—the family had retired to their rest—the lights one by one over the whole village were extinguished—but Jessie still wept! The clock struck—she counted listlessly from one to eleven—then a fainter sound met her ear, twelve—then another—it could not be! the strains were familiar—but oh! it could not be! It must be her imagination, for what earthly being could be playing upon Frank Percival's guitar, at that hour, and beneath her window too. She started from the bed—a tremor shook her frame so violently that she could scarcely stand; but as she approached the window, the sounds were too distinct to be mistaken—and not his instrument alone, but his voice also, was perfectly recognized. The words also, were very familiar—a part of his favorite song—*'Jessie, the Flower of Dumblane.'*

*'She's modest as ony, and blythe as she's bonny,
For guileless simplicity marks her its ain,
An' far be the villain, divested o' feeling,
Wha'd blight in its blossom, the sweet flower o' Dumblane.'*

The last lines were sung with a powerful emphasis that struck Jessie's soul with awe. Might they not apply to Louis Gerard? The simple question called up a thousand affirmative proofs—she could not—she did not doubt it now. She raised the window cautiously, and leant her head over the small rose-geranium that stood before it. Her eye fell upon the countenance of Frank Percival upturned to hers, pale and heavenly as the moonlight that bathed it, and sad, Oh how sad!

'Jessie, forgive me!' he said, raising his arms beseechingly towards her. The action—the words—the look overpowered her—she fell fainting upon the floor.

The morning found her languid as an infant, with a fever upon her cheeks—a thirst consuming her throat—a wild light in her eye—and a dreamy consciousness hovering over her mind, that she had not the power to condense into any thing like reason or intelligence. What a sudden blow to the fond hopes of the father! what a grief to the meek and affectionate mother! what a disappointment to the unhallowed schemes of him who would fain have been a deceiver!

Louis Gerard called at the appointed hour, but Jessie met him not as was her wont. He learned from her father the sudden sickness that had assailed her, with evident mortification; and though Mr. Cameron strove to construe his apparent embarrassment into an emotion of grief, the true signification was too glaringly obvious to be misunderstood. Gerard, however, attempted to express regret and concern, and delayed his journey for a term, hoping that she might regain her health; but the end of the week found her dangerously ill. No expectations were entertained of her recovery, and therefore the gentleman departed, after mocking the heart of the now fully awakened father, by a few sycophantic expressions of sorrow, that had no effect save to call forth a *bad blessing* in return.

This circumstance, painful as it was in its nature, wrought a good change in the heart of Mr. Cameron, for while it subdued his pride, and melted his heart to penitence, it awakened those dormant principles of religion, that were to succeed to the power that worldly ambition had usurped. He had learned a lesson that he never could forget; and while he bent his knee, and prayed for the restoration of his beautiful

child, he felt how thousand fold easier to be endured was death, ay, the death of his beloved daughter, than her sin and disgrace. His repentance was effectual and sincere; and he exhibited it in his daily demeanor, in the humility of his manners, and more than all, in his kindness and good will towards Frank Percival.

Frank's health had improved rapidly since the departure of Louis Gerard, a circumstance that proved his illness to have been prolonged by the anguish of his heart. Now that Jessie was free he had hope; and though he feared that the great Parent of spirits might see fit in his providence to take her to himself, yet should she be permitted to remain yet longer upon earth, he believed that the ambition which had been the author of her sufferings, would be so entirely quelled by the blow it had received, as never to be an obstacle in the bestowment of her hand upon one even so humble as himself. Nor was he at fault. Time wrought its good work; and Jessie rose from her bed, pale, humble and religious, content to abide in her father's house, the object of Frank Percival's friendship; but happy, oh how happy! to become the divinity of his home—his loving and beloved wife. 'Though poor in gear, they were rich in love;' and blessings grew up around their hearthstone to make it beautiful as an altar of fine gold; and piety and household love rose from it, sweet as the smell of myrrh and frankincense. Their home was more humble, but not less the abode of felicity, than when in after years it was enriched by the inheritance of their Carolinian uncle's wealth, an inheritance that they knew how to prize, and how to distribute to the necessities of their fellow mortals.

Of Louis Gerard, suffice it to say, that one month after his departure from Rosedale, he led an heiress of thousands to the altar, and there fulfilled an engagement that had been contracted more than half a year prior to his first meeting with Jessie Cameron. But instead of the soft bonds of love, he was doomed to wear the galling chains of domestic tyranny; to find his home a place of discord; and to seek scenes of dissipation and sinful indulgence, to drown the miseries entailed upon him by his own wickedness. Verily there is a God who *judgeth in the earth!*

S. C. E.

WE enjoy, not only the pleasures of the senses, but the delights which shoot from mind to mind, in the pressure of a hand, the glance of an eye, the whisper of the heart.

Jerusalem.

Original.

O JERUSALEM! thy beauty
Is tarnished by the foe;
And barrenness is on thy hills,
Thy streams with sadness flow;—
Thy children roam in other lands,
A dark and scattered race;
And, like the unmarked dove, they find
No home, nor resting place.

Thy temples are in ruins laid;
Thy altars smoke no more
With off'rings of the sacrifice,—
The solemn rites are o'er.
Fair Zion's hill is now profaned—
There rests the heathen's throne;
And worshippers oft gather there
Who ne'er thy God have known.

We weep thy ruined loveliness,
O city of our God!
And mourn the crimes that made thee feel
The desolating rod.
We pray that His right arm may yet
Back thy lost glory bring,
And make the shout of holy joy
Through all thy valleys ring.

H.

C—

Religious Opinions.

Original.

IN order to arrive at correct opinions on ordinary subjects, it is essentially necessary that knowledge—real knowledge must be possessed. Some facts must be seen, and known, and established, before reasoning to conclusions from them can take place. To arrive at correct opinions then, on any subject, requires time and mental labor; and in proportion to the importance of the subject considered, should be the care and labor bestowed in its examination. What would be thought of that court of law which, when trying a man for his life, should jump at the opinion of his guilt or innocence? We should condemn both judge and jury, without qualification. But men generally acknowledge the propriety and necessity of possessing knowledge—of being acquainted with facts—in order to come at correct opinions. Observation of facts is the only sure groundwork for correct opinions. Let me then urge the importance of pursuing the same process in regard to religious opinions, which is pursued on other subjects. Until this be done, theology and religion must be considered but idle and vain speculations—a theory without facts—an opinion without evidence. Get facts in nature, accumulate knowledge. Search the creation of God that you may rightly interpret his word. Halt long enough

between any two religious opinions, to thoroughly examine all the material evidence in their support. Adopt that which facts and reason will sustain. Reject that which is inconsistent with reason, and irreconcilable with fact, however venerable for its antiquity, or however respectable and popular, on account of the celebrity and learning of its advocates. If we would have correct opinions of our own, we must search them out for ourselves. God has given us the material, the universe, and the instruments by which we can work upon it—our intellectual faculties, and unless we use them, they are bestowed in vain. Search the volume of nature, as well as the volume of inspiration, for both are the workmanship of the great God.

Opinions carefully and logically deduced from these sources must be correct. Religious opinions which stand on this basis must remain invulnerable and unshaken, while the creeds of men and the learned dogmas of the schools, shall pass away like the baseless fabric of a vision. Jesus continually appealed to nature—to the works of God in the material world, to prove the truth of the religious opinions which he taught. He deduced the opinion that God was good unto all, and possessed a fatherly affection for all, without discrimination—by stating the very obvious facts that the blessed sun shone and the rain came alike upon all—and that even the lilies of the field were arrayed in their beautiful robes, by the same kind being who gave to man his existence.

The duty of laboring to extend our opinions is founded upon the obligation of men in the social state to do all in their power to benefit the community in which they live, and the condition of society at large. The conduct of individuals and the character of the institutions of government, depend upon individual and public opinion. Therefore, he, who has embraced a correct, though unpopular opinion, ought to endeavor to make that opinion popular, that his fellow citizens and fellow men, may share with him the advantages of his discovery. If a man has obtained superior light, he must not hide it under a bushel, but must place it in a conspicuous station, so that its beams may illumine the dark and dangerous paths of those who are his fellow travellers through this vale of tears. A man wrongs society when he withholds from it an opinion which is true and good. No man should live for himself, but for society and posterity.

There was a time when the opinions which are now embodied in various institutions, and which are producing through those institutions, innumerable and invaluable blessings, were not developed. One or a few minds, first conceived them, and not only conceived them but sacrificed ease and comfort, and health, to extend them to other minds, that all might share in the advantages which they were calculated to produce. Our fathers labored to spread the opinion of the natural equality of all mankind. They fought the battle of opinion and obtained the triumph for their country and their children. We are now reaping the fruits of their toil and industry—and unworthy sons of such noble sires should we indeed be, unworthy the inheritance which has come down to us from other times, unless we do as much for those who are to take our places when we shall be no more. Individual man is a part of society—a part of humanity—and to benefit society—to improve humanity, is an obvious and reasonable duty.

We sincerely think that the religious opinions which we entertain, are in the advance of those which are popular. We believe our leading opinions are correct—correct, because founded in nature, agreeable to revelation, and sustained by facts. Each one of us can do something, and therefore ought to do something, to bring the whole community—yes, the whole world to the same belief. Every man who lives, exerts an influence on those around him, and that influence by an internal effort can be increased.

Our relation to mankind makes it our imperative duty to use all fair and honorable means to convince them that we are right and that they are wrong. To labor to disseminate by means of speech and the press—the doctrines or opinions which we believe, is not intolerance—is not persecution—is not an unwarrantable interference with the rights and opinions of others.

Inasmuch as erroneous opinions in the community affect ourselves, either directly or indirectly—inasmuch as erroneous opinions tend to impair the welfare of community, of which we ourselves are a part; Inasmuch as correct opinions do actually improve the institutions around us, in which institutions we are interested as citizens, as men, as christians; Inasmuch as our interest, our welfare, our greatest good is necessarily and indissolubly connected with the welfare and happiness of the whole,—our duty in relation to the dissemination of our opinions is

plainly perceived. In the discharge of this duty we should be willing, if the case requires, to suffer contumely and reproach. We should be willing, and should expect, to be persecuted and contemned. It is the usual lot of all innovators—the common method of receiving all new and unpopular doctrines—and it is moreover one of the efficient and powerful causes to unremitting, and renewed exertions on the part of those who are laboring for truth and humanity. Let it be with us then an ever abiding duty, to spare no pains to form a correct moral and religious public sentiment. Strive to improve public opinion and make it right. Public opinion is the great lever by which the world is moved. Kings and potentates, and thrones must give way before it. The mightiest must obey its mandate. Institutions which have stood firmly for ages, must vanish when public opinion arrays itself in opposition to them. In whatever direction it goes, public opinion is irresistible—it is omnipotent, and it cannot be restrained, and woe be to us, if we give it not a right direction. Let no one think himself absolved from this duty—every man who can think, or speak, or act, is obligated to contribute his portion of influence to the common good—to the advancement of correct opinions—and thereby to the improvement and progress of society. Let the friends of correct opinions be united, firm, faithful, vigilant. Let the motto be onward—onward, though difficulties and dangers look like mountains before us. United effort and persevering toil will remove every obstacle which may beset our path. Let the love of humanity, of truth, of righteousness, inspire us with redoubled zeal in the cause we have espoused. Let us not be turned back by persecution, or intimidated by popular censure. Let us prove ourselves worthy of our country—worthy of our religion—worthy disciples of him whom we pretend to follow. Let us do justice to posterity. Let us leave to those who shall come after us, institutions, and customs, and opinions, as good, at least, as those we have had bequeathed to us, and if possible let us transmit something better. Study to obtain correct opinions, especially correct religious opinions—and let it be a determinate object to make those opinions generally and universally prevalent.

D. B. H.

Saugus.

' FOLLOW not a multitude to do evil.'

The Desire for Religious Knowledge.

Original.

THE desire for religious knowledge, for more perfect acquaintance with the ways of the Divinity that presides and governs over the world and respecting the destiny of our race, is a good desire; but yet this needs the control of prudence as well as all other desires, as an excessive desire to penetrate the secrets of the Divine council only tends to render the person dissatisfied with his lot, and tremblingly fearful.

It may seem strange to some that we would set bounds to the desire for religious knowledge; but it is the dictate of wisdom thus to do. Moses said, '*The secret things, belong unto the Lord; but those which are revealed, to us.*' But much of the dissatisfaction which man feels under the dispensations of providence, results from wishing to know the secret things of the Lord. They know not what they ask, who desire the veil to be rent from the future, and the knowledge given them to know what is to befall them in life; sufficient for a day is the evil thereof; the cares of the future will come soon enough.

Why is it that so many throw from them all acknowledgment of a divine Providence? It is because they cannot trace out direct the benevolent end of a grievous event; they know not what they ask. They would be gods on earth, yea, greater than God himself, for they would comprehend the infinite mind, and search out all the doings of the illimitable God.

What is the plea of many for rejecting the truth of Universalism? It is, that the ways of God are not impartial toward men in this life, and therefore the future existence must be a state of rewards and retributions. This is, in our humble judgment, a presumptuous plea; inasmuch as none but the eye of Omniscience can judge of the impartiality with which men are treated by the divine dealings. The joy and bitterness of each heart are known only to itself, and we cannot judge of another's happiness. But while we trust in the universal paternity of the Deity, we will believe that his ways are equal. There were murmurers in ancient days as now, and thus God rebuked them—'*Yet saith the house of Israel, The way of the Lord is not equal. O house of Israel, are not my ways equal? are not your ways unequal? Therefore I will judge you, O house of Israel, every one according to his ways, saith the Lord God. Repent, and turn*

yourselves from all your transgressions ; so iniquity shall not be your ruin.'

It is one of the most fatal errors to indulge the idea that God is not impartially good in this life toward his creatures. It blends itself with all the meditations that the cherisher of the notion holds with God's operations in nature, and casts a hue of mournful gloom over all the works of his hands. It will cause the murmurer to wonder why the winds should be left so free ; why the sun should scorch sometimes, and wither as well as nourish ; why the waves of the ocean are not fettered so that they may not destroy ; and why fire should be an element of fearful destruction, as well as a most useful aid to man's comfort. To such an one, calamities, sickness, death, are all arguments against a wise and benevolent providence, and he learns to doubt what he cannot understand. Not so with the true believer in impartial grace. To him God is everywhere ; and wherever he operates, kindness is in the act, and wisdom directs the end ; and he learns

'That an erring and sinful child of dust
Should not wonder nor murmur—but hope and trust.'

H.

Stanzas.

Original.

'Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven.'

WHEN sorrow veils my mental sky,
Where joy's bright current runneth low,
The radiance of one star is nigh
To sooth my heart and cheer my wo.

When 'poor in spirit' I repine—
When hard and dreary seems my lot,
One precious jewel still is mine,
Which e'en the wealthiest have not.

When I am tossed upon the sea,
Where dark affliction's surges roll,
One kindly hope sustaineth me,
And sheds fresh vigor o'er my soul.

That Star once over Bethlehem shone,
And guided truth along its road ;
That jewel is the Virgin's Son,—
That hope, the hope which rests on God.

Thus doth a beam of glory shine
Upon my varied journey here ;
Thus untold riches still are mine,
Though poverty is ever near.

Thus may my buoyant spirit rise,
When borne on life's tempestuous wave,
Until, at last, it mounts the skies,
And sings its triumph o'er the grave.

Westbrook, Me.

D. J. M.

Spiritual Craft.

BY REV. S. STREETER.

Original.

OPENHEARTEDNESS in a professor, and more especially in a public teacher of religion, is strongly recommended by the inspired writers. They everywhere urge the observance of this virtue with a special earnestness and solemnity, a circumstance from which we may fairly infer its importance ; and also that it has a direct tendency to advance the progress of pure christianity.

And it is a fact highly creditable to the apostles of Jesus, that they carefully practised the duties which they enjoined upon others. They did so in respect to that under consideration. The course they pursued in teaching the doctrines, and enforcing the requisitions of their Master, was perfectly open and ingenuous. They had no mental reservations ; nothing to disguise ; nothing to cover up ; nothing to keep back from the mass of the people ; nothing to rest on their prepossessions and prejudices. They sought no advantage from the long cherished misapprehensions of those who attended upon their instructions. Their paramount object was, at all hazards, to disseminate 'the truth as it is in Jesus.'

How obviously does this appear in the following declarations of the apostle Paul in the 4th chapter, 1st and 2d verses of his second letter to the Corinthians : 'Therefore, seeing we have this ministry, as we have received mercy, we faint not ; but have renounced the hidden things of dishonesty, not walking in craftiness, nor handling the word of God deceitfully ; but by manifestation of the truth commending ourselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God.'

The apostle speaks here of the course pursued by himself, and those associated with him in the ministry of the gospel. True to the cause they had espoused, and regardless of consequences, they proclaimed in the most plain and express terms the doctrine of their Master. Though naturally shrewd men, and exposed by the peculiarity of their sentiments to the violence of popular clamor, they utterly disclaimed everything which savored in the least of a time serving policy.

And in this respect, especially, the example of the apostles is worthy of imitation by christian ministers in every age and country. The ministers of Christ should also very frequently appeal to this noble example. They should make themselves, in mind and heart familiar with it.

They are surrounded by so many temptations and seductive influences, that they need all the aid which can be derived from it.

The christian preacher has to 'instruct those who oppose themselves,' who are ignorant of 'the things which belong to their own peace,' and who will, therefore, be very likely to oppose him; and to seek opportunities of disturbing his repose. Such characters either cannot, or will not please him; nor will they co-operate with him in his efforts to advance the cause of truth.

Hence the office of a faithful minister of the gospel, under the most favorable circumstances in the present state of society, subjects him to numberless cares and perplexities, and discouragements; and it was still more prominently marked by these in the primitive age of the church.

Then everything almost conspired to dishearten and make him shrink from the conflict before him, or if he persevered nominally in the service of his Master, to pursue such an indistinct and temporizing policy, as would be most likely to screen him from those disastrous consequences in which an unreserved ingenuousness, and an inflexible devotion to truth, might involve him. Many of course fell before the power of temptation, and were swept along by the popular current.

Indeed, under such a state of things, fearless and undisguised defenders of the doctrine of Christ in its simplicity must have been very rare, and very disreputable. The indifferent, the fashionable, and the time-serving, would leave them; and these in every age, and every place, make up a large portion of community. In the days of the apostles, they were decidedly the majority. They formed the great body of the people.

A few, however, as we learn from the scripture referred to above, dared to be singular; dared to stem the torrent of opposition and abuse, and to continue faithful to the cause of the Redeemer of men. Nor did Providence allow these champions to go unrewarded. They enjoyed the rich satisfaction of doing much good in the world; of becoming the benefactors of their race; of filling the measure of their own glory. They acquired a name and a praise which will be durable as the hills and the valleys where they toiled and suffered.

We nowhere find upon the pages of history a character combining in itself such a number of

rare and estimable excellencies, as the New Testament ascribes to the apostles of our Lord. Such an assemblage of the most elevated virtues, and ennobling sentiments, nowhere else meet, and mingle, and display their power in the same individual.

A man may be very learned, and at the same time very faithless. He may be strictly honest, and still a great coward. He may be distinguished for the elevation and power of his intellects, and equally so for his imprudence. He may have great knowledge, and yet be a consummate knave. He may possess the powers of a thrilling and even irresistible eloquence; but carry about with him a heart deceitful and corrupt to the very core. So a man may possess great wealth, and but very little generosity, perhaps none at all. In the midst of millions, he may be a real churl. Indeed, it rarely happens, that the great are distinguished for their clemency, or the opulent for their bounty.

And lamentable as the fact may be, these remarks are too often true in their application to the teachers and professors of religion. Having received a dispensation of the gospel, they are exceedingly prone to engross the whole of its provisions to themselves, and a few favorites, who are of their own peculiar turn of thinking and feeling on sacred subjects. With a firm belief in the great doctrine of life eternal, freely bestowed upon the world through 'the grace of God which bringeth salvation to all men,' they frequently adopt the crafty method of using 'the hidden things of dishonesty;' of 'handling the word of God deceitfully,' in order to keep the great mass of the people in ignorance of it.

We quote the scriptures, say they, as they stand in the Bible, and the people must put their own construction upon them. They must understand them for themselves; and this crafty and deceitful course is pursued under a full persuasion that the great body of the people misunderstand and pervert the scriptures; and that they have long been confirmed in the habit of doing so.

Now is this method of appealing to the scriptures commendable? Is it ingenuous? Is it fair? Is it 'renouncing the hidden things of dishonesty'? Is it not in fact 'walking in craftiness,' and 'handling the word of God deceitfully'? Is it not pursuing a course of conduct which, in a deliberate moment, can commend

itself to no 'man's conscience in the sight of God?' And how much of this miserable policy, this reckless trifling with God's word is there even in this enlightened age, and in our own free and tolerant country, yes, and in the professedly religious and moral community in which we live?

At one time it is gravely affirmed that the sublime and rapturous truth of the salvation of all sinners is suitable for those only whose habits of virtue are firmly established; and in proof of this groundless assumption, this scripture, perhaps, is adduced: 'Hast thou faith? have it to thyself before God.' This is craft and dishonesty, because he who produces the passage, knows that it has not the most remote reference to the subject to which he applies it.

At another time it is solemnly averred that this truth, if generally made known, would tend strongly to corrupt the morals of community; to encourage the young and unreflecting, and especially the vicious, in their evil courses; and the testimony of the prophet is brought forward in support of the fact, 'Ye have strengthened the hands of the wicked, that he should not return from his wicked way, by promising him life.' But it is known perfectly well by the preacher, though not by his hearers, that his quotation has no possible relation to his subject!

When treating also upon the topic of the Divine retributions, threatenings are produced, and referred to the future and endless state, which are known to have been applied by the sacred writers exclusively to the present life; but to screen himself from all suspicion of duplicity in the minds of his hearers, the crafty preacher, with a sanctimonious intonation of voice, quotes the following injunction from the prophet Isaiah: 'Wo unto the wicked! it shall be ill with him; for the reward of his hands shall be given him.' The work is then done. The craft takes effect; for the hearers already understand that the reward of a sinner's hands is endless torment in the life to come.

But to drive this false conviction deeper into the minds of the people, and to clinch it, the preacher, again appealing to the law and the testimony, thunders forth the denunciation of Jesus himself, 'He that believeth not shall be damned!' How plain. Who can longer entertain a doubt with respect to the tremendous doom of the finally impenitent? The unbeliever shall be damned! To be damned is to suffer 'the

pains of hell forever!' But how different the convictions of the speaker! He knows that the passage relates to the consequences of unbelief in the present life, and to nothing else.

This temporizing habit is highly reprehensible, and deeply to be deplored. It is the enemy of the cause of Christ. It is a moral mildew which spreads a deadly blight over the growth of biblical knowledge in the community. It tends powerfully to check improvement, and to roll back the tide of religious progress and reformation.

While it exists, however, and finds favor with the more intelligent and influential classes of society, the open and unreserved proclamation of 'the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ,' cannot fail to render a preacher unpopular, and to subject him to a large share of public odium.

But let no Universalist shrink from the contest. We are engaged in a glorious cause, one which is worthy to be sustained even at the expense of martyrdom. It requires the full utterance of truth, and the practice of it. Let us, one and all, resolve that we will, at all times, and in every place, speak God's word plainly and fearlessly, and to the full extent of the understanding he has given us of it.

Vain is our hope from any other quarter. In vain shall we look for sympathy or aid from the world, and above all from crafty and time-serving religionists. But 'let not our hearts be troubled.' We need not fear; we shall be sustained. The ministry we have received of the Lord Jesus will amply sustain us. Were it not for this, we should indeed faint and sink in despair. But blessed be God, it is a ministry of truth—of mercy—of peace—of eternal life; and it 'commends itself to every man's conscience in the sight of God.' It will, therefore, support us, and carry us triumphant through every embarrassment and every conflict. It will support us in health and in sickness; in life and in death; in time and through eternity. Let us then give our whole influence to the promotion of its interests. Let us ever lean upon its power. Let us be governed by its spirit. Let us submit our immortal destiny, and that of our race, to the riches of its mercy. In a word, let nothing ever induce us to hold communion with 'the hidden things of dishonesty,' to 'walk in craftiness,' or to 'handle the word of God deceitfully.'

Song. My Mary.

Original.

THE eve was bright, no cloud came o'er
The fair face of the moon,
And gentle breezes stirred the leaves
Of blooming flowers of June;
My boat was on the shining sea,
Steered by the faithful hand,
When from her home my Mary came,
To leave her native land.

We sailed upon the moonlit sea,
And smiling stars looked down,
The silver waves rose up to kiss
The pride of Eddingtoun;
And soon we hailed the welcome shore,
Beneath the castle's brow;
My mother's arms embraced the bride—
My Mary's happy now.

They who once scorned her humble lot,
Would now kneel at her feet,
And deem it sure a happy thing
Her fav'ring smile to greet;—
Well does she wear the honors gained,
No vain pride in her heart;
And not for all the pride of wealth,
Would I with Mary part.

The Victim of Consumption.

Original.

EVERY one who has travelled through a New England village, knows that the spire of the church first strikes the eye. The traveller is reminded long before he has entered the street that there is a Being upon whom men are wont to call for succor, for preservation, and for spiritual food. It is to a village of the above description that I am about to call the reader's attention. It was a day in midsummer. The sun was coursing down the western sky, and the weary farmer was beginning to cast his eyes homeward. The meadows were piled with new mown hay, and the birds were pouring forth melody from their throats, on every spray. Along the hot and dusty road might then be seen a chaise, driven slowly up a little slope, on one side of which several tall pines reared their evergreen heads, while their roots appeared to be fastened in the solid rocks that skirted the highway.

The chaise contained a tall middle-aged man whose dress and embrowned countenance proclaimed him to be one of the tillers of the land. He was evidently a substantial farmer, and although a rustic, he bore that in his countenance which attested his mental superiority over many whose advantages had been much greater than his own. There was now, however, a pe-

culiarly grave expression resting on his features, and he frequently bent his gaze upon a young maiden who sat beside him; and at every look his countenance was crossed by a cloud of which she was the ostensible occasion. The damsel was clad in white, which did now contrast very strongly with the hue of her countenance; and one delicate hand which lay on her lap, the wasted fingers of a marble whiteness, betokened the fragility of its owner. Her large blue eyes shone with an unnatural lustre, and occasionally a flush of bright vermilion tinged her features like a rose leaf falling upon snow. The conversation between the father and daughter, for this was the relation they bore to each other, had so far been carried on in low and almost inaudible tones; but as they reached the summit of the slope, and the village spire greeted their eyes, the girl suddenly started, and as the warm blood rushed into her fair cheek, she exclaimed, 'Here we are! There is the village—and there is my mother, and—' she stopped, for her father significantly cast his eyes toward the grave yard which they were just passing.

'Ah!' continued the maiden, sinking back in the chaise overwhelmed with melancholy recollections, 'it is *there* that the rest are to be found. Beneath yon green hillocks, my brothers and my sisters rest. I half imagined I was going to see them too—' here her father heaved a melancholy sigh—'but I forgot. You and my mother are alone.' 'We have been alone,' replied he—'but now you will be with us.'

The buoyant heart of youth does not long yield to depression. It is only after we have become acquainted with the delusions of hope, and can no longer be deceived by the syren, that the blast which lays us low leaves us forever prostrate, like the oak which has no elasticity that it should rise again when the tempest has gone by. As the well remembered rocks, and trees, the winding paths, the round-topped hills, and fields of grain with which the childhood of our heroine had been familiar, gradually opened upon her sight, an ecstasy of pleasure thrilled through every vein, and she forgot, if indeed she had ever thought of it, that she came home to die. The insidious disease which cuts short the hopes of so many fond parents, and consigns the sweetest flowers of female loveliness to the dust, gave warning indeed, but it was in whispers, and while Death approached and held his javelin on high, with sure and steady aim, he

hid his grim visage in his mantle until the moment when he should strike the unrepeatable blow.

'See, father,' cried she with almost childish eagerness—'there is the old schoolhouse to which you used to convey me in the sleigh. I remember well that little chimney, those old panings, and see there is the same master looking at us through the window—but how changed he is. He used to be called very handsome. He was young then too. Surely it is not so long ago!'

'You say true, Agnes,' returned her father. 'It is but six years since you went to live with your aunt at the South, but time is not the only thing which changes a man's appearance. There may be other causes.'

'Pray what?' inquired she—'has he been ill, or has he acquired bad habits?'

'Neither, my child. He is a young man of excellent character, and enjoys good bodily health. But sorrow has marked him, and a premature old age has blighted the bloom of his youth. He loved your sister.'

'My sister!' exclaimed Agnes. 'Poor man, I can recollect so little about my sister. Yet I remember her countenance well. And were they engaged to be married?'

'Yes, Agnes, and her funeral took place on the very day which would have seen them one, had she survived. Thus have my children been taken from me one by one by that fatal disorder which defies every human physician.'

'I sometimes think,' said Agnes faltering, 'that I may die too. You know that I have been unwell of late, although I think my health is mending now. Do not you think so, father?'

'I hope so. It was in the hope that you might be preserved to us that I sent you to a more genial clime.'

'And my time has been passed pleasantly enough,' said she pensively. 'But I still could not avoid thinking of home, and of those I loved. I little dreamed that I should see my brothers and sisters no more.'

'Say not, "no more," my dear child. There is a land beyond the influence of earthly contingencies whither we are all hastening; and there you will meet those you loved on earth, but whom we can never see while we remain here.'

Agnes was silent a few moments, and then resumed, 'But the path to that bright world lies

through the cold valley of death. I shudder at the thought that we must all pass through the grave before we can live forever.'

'Yet those who pass through it know not death,' replied her father. 'They are only conscious of what precedes dissolution. Death is the terror of the living only.'

They had now reached the village, and their conversation was of necessity suspended, as many persons saluted the farmer with much respect, and inquired after the health of his daughter.

The chaise gradually ceased its motion until it became stationary opposite a pleasant white dwelling, with a rose garden in front. A gravelly path led from a wicket gate to the door of the house; but before the father and daughter could descend from the chaise, an elderly lady came down the path to receive them.

'My mother—is this my mother?' inquired the gentle girl, while a tear stood upon her lashes. 'Much altered,' answered the mother, as she pressed the only remaining child to her bosom. 'You find me much changed, do you not?'

'Alas!' said the girl; 'I should scarcely have known you. You are so very pale and thin.'

'Your mother has had a great deal of trouble since you saw her last,' said her father, as he assisted the frail being up the walk. She would have answered, but instead of doing so, clapped her hand to her left side, and gave a short painful cough. Her mother started, and looked inquiringly at her husband.

'Even so,' said he in reply to her look. 'The last remaining flower droops on its stem.' He spoke figuratively, but the quick apprehension of his daughter caught the meaning of the words, and a cloud passed over her countenance. She remained silent and thoughtful, and even after she had entered the house, the well remembered furniture, pictures, and other garniture of the room failed to awaken any interest, or to draw her from the melancholy contemplations which had absorbed her whole mind.

It was in vain that her mother questioned her about her relatives at the south, and strove, by various arts, to draw her into conversation. She remained sad and gloomy. Her air was dejected, and she answered listlessly, as if her thoughts were far away. But she at length turned to her father with more of animation in her looks, and

said : 'Tell me truly, do you think, as you hinted when we walked up the path together, that I too am going to my grave ?'

Her father took her hand, and said with a melancholy smile—'My Agnes, your restoration to perfect health depends much on your keeping your mind free from anxious thoughts and dark forebodings. I see nothing particularly alarming at present.'

'But,' said Agnes—'you do not speak out frankly. Oh, it is a dreadful thing to die when I am so young—to pass away from this fair earth, to listen no more to the sweet singing of the birds—to be separated from all that I love and go down to the damp grave. Oh, tell me not that I must die !'

'Nay, Agnes, you know that we must all die, and far better would it be to leave the world while every thing is bright, and before you have known sorrow, than to linger here like your poor mother who has been stripped of her children, and whose lamp of joy has gone forever out.'

Agnes said no more on the subject, but her thoughts had evidently taken a new direction ; while absent from home with her aunt, not the slightest hint had been given her, with respect to her approaching fate, and although it was evident that her constitution was yielding fast to the insidious attacks of a fatal disorder, she had been taught to look forward to long days of happiness and worldly pleasure. During their journey home, her father had avoided saying anything calculated to excite painful apprehensions in her mind, and, as the reader will perceive, it was only by accident that she became apprised of her critical situation.

Agnes retired to her chamber with a heavy heart, and the thought of death and the cold grave kept her awake for several hours. She at length found consolation by addressing a short prayer to Him, in whose hand are the issues of life, and fell into a sound slumber from which she did not awake until the sun was high in the heavens.

Most persons have observed that when they retired to rest with some cause of uneasiness pressing on their minds, and have forgotten their sorrows in slumber, the return of day brought back to their recollection with double force, the painful subject of the preceding evening. So was it with poor Agnes. When she opened her eyes, the sun was playing against her window, half obscured by the clustering vines and small blue

flowers which ran over that end of the building. She heard the far off mower sharpening his scythe, while, nearer at hand, the birds were chanting their morning songs. All was life and gaiety, and as the heart of the gentle girl leaped to mingle in the busy scene, the recollection of her father's discourse on the previous evening, fell like the words of doom upon her shrinking spirit, and her eyes overflowed with tears. She hastened down stairs to confer with her mother on the painful subject. Her mother was not alone. An elderly lady was present whom Agnes recollected to have seen before going to the South ; and of whom she had at that time been afraid, on account of her repulsive and austere demeanor. But Agnes was now a young woman and had no such childish fears, although she still shuddered when she encountered her fiery gaze, and the otherwise harsh features of the old beldame.

'Well Agnes,' said the old lady, as the damsel entered the room ; 'I have called in to see you. I heard that you were coming home, and hastened over as fast as I could to have a look at you. Bless me, how you have altered ! You look as thin as a hatchet. Your poor sisters died of the consumption, and I should not wonder if you went the same way. It is a disorder which runs in families. My uncle's family all went off in that way, one after the other. What a cough you have got ! Ah ! you have the death spot on your cheek—the hectic fever. You look just as your last poor sister did, about a month before she died. Well, my child, have you made your peace with your Maker ? It is a dreadful thing to go into the presence of God unprepared. You know what becomes of those who die in their sins.'

Even the gentle spirit of Agnes was slightly stirred up to resentment by this blunt and indelicate speech ; and she strove to hide the deep wound which she had received. She seated herself with a smile, and inquired carelessly after the health of the old lady and her family. But the visitor continued to blow her blast until she had filled the minds of Agnes and her mother with considerable uneasiness, when she abruptly took her leave.

Filled with indescribable anxiety, Agnes made her mother acquainted with her feelings, who strove to soothe her, and to draw her mind off from its painful contemplations ; but that was impossible since her mother could not tell her

plainly that she was free from danger. Agnes saw that her hope of life was vain. She was convinced that if her fond parents could conscientiously give her encouragement, they would not have been so cruel as to withhold it from her. Her hope in man was gone. There was no one on earth to whom she could fly for relief; for the hand of man could not ward from her the shaft of the Destroyer of all flesh.

With a trembling hand she opened the Bible, and sought for help at the fountain head of human dependence. But its pages appeared to be written with letters of fire. The passages which met her eye she had been taught to interpret in a manner derogatory to the character of God, and she saw little in the sacred volume, but threatenings against the wicked, of fiery wrath and everlasting indignation. Such was the effect of a wrong education. The doctrine of partial grace had been taught her by all her instructors, and even her parents had not yet come to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. The Bible therefore was to her a stumbling block. Its comforting and saving doctrines were sealed to her understanding, and it was perverted by wrong interpretations to uses for which it was never designed. She closed the book, and sauntered out into the woods. She came suddenly upon the graveyard where lay her brothers and sisters cold in the embrace of death. She approached their graves and read their names upon the stones. She raised her eyes to Heaven, and exclaimed, 'Must I then so soon lie beside you, my sisters, my brothers! Oh, why was I ever born to be thus abandoned and distressed? Is there no hope for me either in Heaven or in earth? Shall I so soon become cold like a clod of the valley, and whither shall I then go?'

She had scarcely finished pronouncing these words when she heard a rustling in the grove near her, and a young man with a dejected air appeared in view. As his eyes were bent on the ground, he did not see her until he had reached within a few paces of the spot where she stood. He then lifted his eyes and saw Agnes standing before him. He started, and gazing around him as if bewildered, rushed towards her with a faint cry of joy. Agnes was alarmed and would have retired, but he paused, and appearing to recollect himself, thus addressed her; 'Be not discomposed, young lady. I perceive my mistake. But tell me how it is that I saw standing over

this grave one whose every look so strongly reminds me of its death-cold and lamented tenant?'

'I perceive,' said Agnes, returning and frankly extending her hand; 'it is Mr. L——. Do you not remember Agnes S——? I was once a pupil of yours.'

'Alas! I remember you,' answered the schoolmaster. 'Your countenance is exactly like that of your departed sister; and deceived by the resemblance, I for a moment imagined that Louisa stood before me.'

'The remark has been frequently made,' returned Agnes, 'and perhaps I shall remember her in her misfortunes also.'

'Misfortunes!' cried he; 'were it the will of Heaven, I should be but too happy to lie down and sleep beside her. This world contains not a tie since Louisa left it. I am only desirous to go away and be at peace.'

Agnes was silent a moment and then said, 'Has death then no terrors for you? Is not that fearful hereafter a theme of ——' she paused.

'A theme of painful anxiety, you would say. No, Agnes—to the believer there is nothing disheartening in the contemplation of an early doom.'

Mr. L—— continued to explain to Agnes his views of the doctrines taught by Jesus Christ. She listened attentively as he expounded the scriptures in a manner that she had never before heard, but which struck her mind very forcibly. He hoped all things from the mercy of God, and trusted that not one of the creatures whom God had made in his image should be lost. Agnes went home comforted. She had listened, for the first time, to the doctrine of Universal salvation from the lips of one who had long known what it was to regard his Creator with love as the common Father of mankind.

Agnes retired to her room, and again opened the volume of Divine inspiration. It was no longer a source of terror. It was now a comforter indeed, and she saw in its pages the confirmation of all that her eloquent instructor had told her. She soon realized that peace which passeth all understanding. She no longer feared to think upon death, which was to her a narrow strait, dark indeed, but all beyond was peace, joy, and glory unspeakable. She now loved to talk of that blessed place where her brothers and her sisters had gone before her, and to hold communion with the spirit of God in the se-

cret of her own heart. Her dreams were pleasant, and her daily thoughts were those of angels. Her heart continually overflowed with love to Him, who had had mercy upon her helpless condition and had plucked her as a brand from the burning. Although she faded, day by day, like a sweet flower that has felt the withering influence of the frost, yet she grew strong in spirit, as she became weak in body. Her regard for her friends, whom she felt she must soon leave, was not weakened, but she still felt that her change would be for the better.

After a day of some considerable bodily suffering, her mother came to her chamber, and expressed her unwillingness to leave her alone all night.

'I am not alone, dear mother,' said she; 'for my Redeemer liveth and his presence is my support. I feel that I shall soon go away and be with Him always. This has been one of the sweetest seasons that I have known; for when pain and weakness rack the outward frame, He is always nearest at hand.'

But her frame was fast yielding to the power of disease. Her voice grew weak and languid, and her step lost all its buoyancy. That fearful cough which accompanies the disorder with which she was affected, grew daily more troublesome, and when the peach assumed its red, and the harvesters went forth to the field, she was no longer able to leave the house. Mr. L——, frequently visited the house, and held long conversations with her, wherein she displayed a knowledge of heavenly things which greatly surprised him.

It was late in the afternoon of a stormy day in November, that Mr L——, paid his accustomed visit at the house of Mr. S——. When he entered the room, he perceived that some company was gathered there, and that Agnes' father wore an unusually grave aspect. He saluted him and inquired after Agnes.

'She is very low,' said Mr. S——, 'and the physician says she can hardly continue until midnight.'

Just then the physician appeared with an invitation to Mr. L—— to come to the bedside of the dying girl.

He approached the scene of dissolution. A placid smile was on the wasted countenance of Agnes. She had just fallen into a gentle slumber, but she soon opened her eyes, and extended her hand to Mr. L——.

'I have had a sweet dream,' said she. 'Two of my sisters, clad in white robes appeared to come to my bedside, and asked me if I was ready to accompany them, and as they retired a sound of delicious music filled the air. It was unlike anything that ever I heard on earth. I was disappointed when I awoke and found myself still in this world. Oh, Mr. L——, tell all who inquire after me that our God is good—his countenance is pleasant. He is altogether lovely. I am sinking to rest in the arms of our Redeemer. Talk to me of Jesus and of the holy men of old. Oh, let me hear the voice of praise, for our God is good—he is more precious to my spirit than all else beside.'

She then lay quiet for some minutes apparently wrapped in the pure and ecstatic enjoyment of a being on the very confines of the spiritual world. She lay quiet so long, that her mother became alarmed, and said something about calling a physician.

'No,' sighed she faintly; 'I am passing away. Withhold me not. Peace, peace and joy goes with me;' and with these words her pure spirit passed away, leaving the cold and tenantless clay beautiful even in death.

Agnes was conveyed to the green enclosure in which her relatives lay, and consigned forever to the dust, but her memory survived as a sweet savor to those who had witnessed the power of gospel truth upon the mind of a frail child of mortality. c.

Strength of Mind.

Original.

STRENGTH of mind is a very important faculty in the constitution of man. Without it, what is he? A creature driven about by every wind of adversity, without a hold by which he can stay himself. The physical ability of man is so inadequate to the task of bearing up under the thousand indications of force from without, that we readily perceive and acknowledge the wisdom and goodness of granting to him *strength of mind* and of *moral feeling*, which with becoming dignity, would enable him to meet the storms of life, and composedly contemplate the ravages of earth-born things by the ever controlling providence of God. One of the great objects of the christian economy was to give this mental and moral-strength. The circumstances of the world at that time, rendered such an object, and such

means as were used for its accomplishment, indispensably necessary. It was chained in prejudice, and sunk in sin. The fascination of established and antiquated systems had taught and induced mankind to follow without thought, the steps of by-gone generations, and to detest as enemies of man and social order, those who would attempt innovation or improvement. It was at this moment, when the power and the evils of these influences were at their climax, that the gospel was announced, which required a mental effort—a moral energy equal to self-emancipation, and to a fearless grappling with the contempt, the prejudices, and the sins of others.

That other ages partake of the general character here given of that which received the first dawn of the gospel, will not be doubted. And consequently, that all those on whom devolved the task of advancing the spirit and principles of reformation, stand in need of the mental strength and moral courage which distinguished the first propagators of the gospel, is equally plain. This strength is promised in the scriptures—'The Lord will give strength to his people.' Let us enumerate some of the instances of the *want* of strength, and reflect upon the consequences of its bestowment.

We need strength to divest our minds of the servitude of *public opinion and prejudice*.

Of all the instances of intellectual weakness and servitude, none, perhaps, holds an influence over us, so absolutely uncontrolled and uncontrollable, as public opinion. It mingles in all our ideas of propriety—is the basis of our multiplied habits of thought and of action; and sanctifies peculiarities, while it wholly obscures, or reconciles us to the grossest absurdities. Under such circumstances, the great mass of mankind want strength of mind to perceive their situation—they are not aware that they are the veriest slaves in the universe. Thus the christian looks upon the Mussulman, the Hindoo, or the heathen, and is filled with astonishment, that they do not perceive the grossness, the folly, or the impurity of their respective systems. But while it is admitted that christianity under any form is preferable to either of these, it requires no great *strength of mind* to perceive in some of the dogmas which have been incorporated with christianity, and considered by many as a part of it, absurdities as great, and a servility of intellect quite as preposterous and degrading. The reason is plain—the mind wants *strength*. In re-

curring to the book of God revealed, there is a pleasure in reflecting that, this weakness will pass away, and that man will be as capable of examining and analyzing his own principles, as those of others.

Again: Many who have attained the ability of canvassing their own opinions, and who in consequence feel compelled to explode some things as useless or corrupting, still want the necessary strength of mind to *avow that fact*. Thus shrinking from their own conscious duty—thus failing to exert the influence which one person necessarily has over others, leaving the world really no better for their discoveries, nor wiser for their wisdom. Search for causes for all this, and they will be found in the overwhelming force of public opinion. The man knows what that is, and his courage quails before it, and he suffers error to hold a temporary triumph, till some more daring spirit shall assert the dignity of man, and leave the world an example of honest integrity and independence of soul.

There have been times and countries, where the intolerable evils of persecution and death, furnished an apology, though by no means an excuse, for this weakness; but in this age and in this country, the contempt which falls upon the equivocating and cowardly spirit which shrinks from an honest avowal of its principles, excites no sympathy.

Looking around us, as we often do, and seeing the want of mental strength which pervades a large portion of our fellow men, we congratulate ourselves on the approach of that era, 'when the Lord will have mercy,' and give strength as his people shall need.

Again: Men are a prey to their own weakness and passions. And they doubtless as frequently fail from their duty through want of power to resist temptation, as from any real depravity of heart. Men are not naturally vicious; so far from it, they are morally well disposed. They detest crimes, and loathe the criminal—and especially in youth, before particular habits of vice are formed, they look upon the various kinds of iniquity with about the same degree of abhorrence. Yet these same individuals gradually slide into the very worst vices, from mere want of strength to resist the various temptations to which they are exposed. The insidious and imperceptible advances of man in guilt, are nowhere more effectually illustrated than in the crime of intemperance. Few, if any, are intem-

perate from any constitutional propensity. Yet how many men of the most affectionate hearts, and the soundest judgments, sink into hopeless servitude to the tyranny of custom! They are too weak to resist, even when they make the effort, till eventually they cease those endeavors, which daily grow more and more faint, and ruin—hopeless ruin follows!

Again: Men are sometimes too weak to conform to their own convictions of duty and propriety, because they might appear singular. There are many things in which no particular moral principle is concerned, in which every man must feel the propriety of taking a certain course. He wishes to act or not act in a given case. But he looks around him and observes how others act, and submits to popular opinion and practice. What is this but weakness, and one which may involve, eventually, both himself and others in a train of final causes of the most distressing nature? Fashion in its thousand modifications, may furnish an illustration of my meaning in this instance. The effort which the mass of citizens are continually making, to maintain the appearance and support the reputation of the more affluent portions of community, is productive of some of the worst consequences. These things are not done because we feel in all cases desirous of doing them; but because we are unwilling to brook the singularity of not being like other men.

Again: We want strength to persevere in a course of reform, morality, or propriety, in which we sometimes engage. How many good resolutions languish and die, before they are ever acted upon! How many good endeavors when commenced, finally perish in the using, before the habit of acting up to them is confirmed, or we receive the countenance and aid of others! How many proprieties foregone, by the jostlings of accident! This, in our Savior's language, is beginning to build without having counted the cost; and the draughts which the plans, and the process make upon our patience, our passions, and our fund of resources, frequently exhaust the whole, and leave us discouraged for the future, or disgusted with a world destitute of active sympathy. Now all that is necessary here, is the requisite strength of mind. The principles of the holy religion which we profess, are sufficient to give us the aid, if they are only adopted in sincerity and practised in faithfulness. And when strength to think for ourselves—to speak

and act for ourselves—to subdue our passions, and restrain us from sin; and the ability to persevere in what we undertake, from the conviction and assurance of its moral propriety, whether men approve or disapprove, shall have been given—then, and not till then, shall we have and enjoy what we all need—*peace*. J. A. A.

Happiness.

Original.

HAPPINESS has ever been the great object of man. It is sought in an almost endless variety of ways. There is, probably, no act of our lives that we do not expect will, in some way, promote our happiness, and yet, how seldom is it obtained! Some seek for it in wealth, some in the applause of men, and too many in the allurements of vice and folly! But 'they grasp the phantom and they find it air!' There is nothing which tends to promote our happiness in a greater degree, than the social meeting of friends—the sweet endearments of home—a mind to 'be content with such things as we have,' and a disposition to do good unto others, to relieve the afflicted, and comfort the mourner. How few realize the pleasure which arises from performing deeds of charity and mercy! How few can say, in truth, that the world is better for their having lived in it! But, at the best, the pleasures of this life are unsatisfying, imperfect, and evanescent. And it is right, it is well, that they should be so. Were this life all sunshine—this world a paradise—were there no clouds, no storms, and tempests—no 'lions in the way,' we should set our affections too much on 'things on the earth'—we should be too much attached to this stranger land, to think of our home, in that other world, to which we all are bound, where sorrow and sighing are unknown, and where 'tears shall be wiped from off all faces. How consoling the thought—how joyful the consideration, that when we shall have 'shuffled off this mortal coil,' we shall meet again, clothed in robes of celestial beauty in another, and a happier state of being! It enables us to look upon death with composure, as the end of all our woes, and the grave, as the portal to that world, where 'moth and rust do not corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal!' Our meeting there, shall never break up—our home, shall be an eternal home, we shall 'go no more out forever!'

P. H. S.

Boston, May, 1837.

WE copy the following beautiful lines by our very valuable correspondent S. C. E., from the 'Magazine & Advocate,' Utica, N. Y. They are peculiarly appropriate at this time, as the remains of Father Murray are to be removed to Mount Auburn before this No. will be due. ED.

Lines

Suggested by the anticipated removal of the remains of a distinguished Father to the Cemetery of Mount Auburn.

BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

Ay, build his tomb in twilight shades,
Or where the morning sunlight plays,
And through the leaves of green arcades,
Steal in the evening's silver rays—
They'll fall upon the dewy flowers,
And kindle there a vestal light,
To hold the watch of midnight hours,
And keep his grave forever bright.

Ay, build his tomb on sacred dust,
That never feels a reckless tread ;
Where genius guards her sacred trust—
The great, the good, the gifted dead !
There build the lonely pilgrim's bower—
And let a holy incense rise,
From fragrant leaf and beauteous flower,
To meet his spirit in the skies !

No pomp nor pageantry for him !
No storied monument of wo—
No willow sad, and dark, and dim,
May o'er the great one's ashes grow ;
But symbols of unshadowed love
Should rise in beauty from his grave,
And light and peace rest soft above
The last of one who came to save.

Shirley Village, Mass.

Hope.

Original.

SUCH is the constitution of the human mind that man may be called a creature of hope ; and they who succeed best, are those who cling the fondest and firmest to the bright anticipations of the future ; indeed some degree of difficulty is needed to give interest to the object of pursuit, and to excite and animate us to vigorous exertion for its attainment.

But man must turn to the hopes of religion for the most enduring and noblest food for his longing for happiness in the future ; for there are hours when the hopes of earth all vanish—when if the soul anticipates no future beyond the borders of time, it must despair indeed, and more than ever cry for the wings of the airy dove to flee to the mountain, or wilderness. Kindly and truly adapted to this ultimate requisite of human hopes are the teachings of imperishable truth ; and the voice of revelation comes with a sublime and soothing power to cheer and dissipate the gloom of the time of grief, like a dear friend that if he comes not to our festivals, and to partake

of our gladness, is always sure to be near in the hour of misfortune, grief, or adversity.

This restlessness of our hopes—this unsatiated desire for future good—this pressing onward from one object to the attainment of another, in infinite progression, speaks to the spirit of man of a clime where these unquenchable desires will meet with holy gratification, and where man shall spring up to immortal youth, forever to soar on the untiring wings of perfect bliss and purity. Earth is not sufficient for the powers of the soul—there must be a future world, where the shackles that now bind down the uprising spirit, and the grossness that encumbers the powers of the inner man, shall be removed, and the beautified creature rejoice in the pure home of the perfected sons of God.

Obituary.

DIED in this city, May 16, Mrs. Betsey, wife of Mr. John Low, aged 39. In the deceased the community has lost a valuable member, and the poor a kind friend. Mrs. Low was one of the Trustees of the Female Charitable Institute, and by a lively interest in the usefulness of that institution and the faithful discharge of her duties, endeared herself to her associates, and accomplished much toward lessening the sum of human suffering in the circle of their operations. She was indeed 'a sister of charity,' and her benevolence will long be remembered by many. Her private virtues have embalmed her memory in the hearts of her friends, and it is well that such should be remembered, for 'blessed is the memory of the just'—it is thrice blessed ; it blesses the immediate circle of friends, and the community in which the deceased was useful, and the world at large. The living need the excitement, to press forward in virtue and usefulness, that is furnished by the remembrance of the good.

It is with a grateful emotion that we record that Mrs. Low was a firm believer in the great truth of a world's salvation, and was a constant attendant at Father Ballou's church. It is a pleasure to record this because we know from it that she had a holy comforter in death, and could with its consoling influence to cheer, depart from this world in peace. May the sanctifying influences of christian truth be near the hearts of those who mourn her departure, and they be comforted by the hopes of the gospel of immortality.

Literary Notices.

INTRODUCTORY. With this number we commence a new year of labor, resolved to do all we can, and willing to hope for a generous support. The pressure of the times has already reached us, and our expectations are not so sanguine as they were. Still we pursue our task with a cheerful spirit, believing that as we labor for Universalists, and in the cause of truth and human improvement, we shall not lose our reward. Numerous commendations have been received, and have cheered our heart not a little. To many friends, interested in the success of the work, we are indebted for valuable suggestions, which will enable us, as we trust, to conduct the work in a more popular, interesting, and useful manner, while at the same time we shall not sacrifice in the least the interests of truth and religion. The literary taste of the age is such as to require a cheerful tone in religious periodicals, and he that would make others feel that religion is pleasurable, must write as though he felt the joyous influence it imparts, and not treat of holy pleasures in a dry, stern, and repulsive manner. It is not a mere worldly policy to study the literary taste of the age, for it is important that we know what is the best style of conveying the truths we would impart; and we do not think we err in the conclusion, that articles of moral fiction are calculated to have a good tendency, and are requisite in order to draw the minds of a great portion of the reading community to the subject of christian truth. Nathan's Ewe Lamb, Our Savior's Good Samaritan, and Prodigal Son, are beautiful specimens of this kind of writing; and we would that such a style of conveying moral lessons was more cultivated by religious essayists. Articles designed *merely to amuse*, are not embraced in these observations. There is a vast difference between cheerfulness and frivolity.

We shall aim to present our patrons a good variety. Labored and sound articles on the true sense of scripture passages, in defence of the great truth of Universal Salvation, and to point out and enforce the duties of the christian's life; also, Tales, Sketches, Essays, Poetry, Music, Notices of passing events proper to our work, and of Publications, will contribute to fill our pages, and make the work acceptable to its patrons. We hope for success.

It is rather unfortunate for us that the new volume commences at the present time, when on every side is heard lamentation over the melancholy state of public affairs, depression of business, and scarcity of money. But it becomes us not to murmur, but to hope for the best, and we do hope that those agents and friends who have flattered us with the hope of gaining many new subscribers, will not relax their exertions. We need their efforts more than ever, and doubt not their generous interest in our behalf. Encouraged by their flattering testimonials, we have increased our edition, and rely on their efforts to save us from loss.

We are grateful for aid in past time, and soliciting the favor of patrons and contributors for the future, we commend our work to the blessing of Heaven, without whose smile no purpose can prosper.

A FRIEND INDEED. We have been exceedingly gratified by receiving a letter from Mrs. A. C. H., Levant, Me., enclosing the names of eleven new subscribers. In her epistle to us she says: 'Considering the hard times, I think I have done tolerably well in obtaining subscribers;' but we think she has done *very well*, and our heartfelt thanks are tendered to her for her kind exertions. A few such friends would help us on in a very prosperous way, and afford us means to enrich our work in a manner we are not now enabled to do. We hope to receive many more such epistles to gladden our heart as the one from sister H.

CHARACTERISTICS OF PREACHING. We have received the following note from the author of the articles over the signature of *Veritas*, and only add from a sense of jus-

tice to him, that we entertain not the slightest suspicion that he was influenced by any improper feeling in the production of those articles. He has deemed it advisable to publish no more. The note will only be understood by those who have seen an article in the 'Universalist Watchman,' over the signature of 'Indico.'

BR. BACON: I observe that my portraiture of Thomas Whittemore, in the April No. of the "Repository," has drawn down upon me what I conceive to be incorrect criticism and undeserved censure. However, I find no fault with this; but when I hear it insinuated that Br. Whittemore gave his approbation to my article before it appeared in print, I feel it to be a duty I owe to him, to correct such an erroneous impression. I know that Br. W. never saw the article in question, or knew that I had written it, until after its publication. If, in the portraiture, I have praised him more highly than he deserves, it was an error in judgment, and did not result from a disposition to flatter.

VERITAS.

DISCONTINUANCES. Subscribers who intend to discontinue their subscriptions, are requested to return the JUNE No. *immediately on its receipt*, with name and place of residence written on the WRAPPER—not on the book. Let it be as carefully returned, as carefully sent. A large amount is now due us for past volumes, and we earnestly call the attention of delinquent subscribers to this fact, in hope that they will be just toward us. We cannot discontinue papers till arrearages are paid, except in cases where there is no hope; and it is not honest for persons to request their papers to be stopped, while they owe us for one or more volumes.

Subscribers who inform us of changes in places of residence, should do so without expense to us.

AGENTS and SUBSCRIBERS at the South, when remitting payments, are requested, whenever convenient, to send us bills that are current here. A little attention to this would save us large discounts.

VOLUMES BOUND. Those who wish to have their Nos. of Vol. 5, bound in a neat style, can be accommodated by sending to this office. Price 50 cts.

OFFER. Having a quantity of Vol. 4 on hand, we offer to give a complete set of that volume to any one who will obtain four new good subscribers. The volume will be sent by mail or private conveyance, as may be desired.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. We regret exceedingly that the communication from our valuable correspondent at Hartford, was not received till after the matter for this No. was made up. It shall make the leading article in our next.

We acknowledge with pleasure an article from Br. J. C. W., of Lynn, which will appear in our next.

J. A. A. will accept our thanks for his well filled sheet, and be assured that we reciprocate his kind wishes.

We have an excellent sermon from father Jones of Gloucester, for our next.

The communication from J. E. B. of Westbrook, will appear next month.

We have several small articles on hand, which we shall attend to in season for our next.

BR. GROSH: Please direct the editor's paper to 'Universalist Office, Boston.'

Letters containing Remittances received, since our last, ending April 30.

C. B., Portland, \$15; L. R., Unionville, \$7; J. W., Ellington, \$5; J. C. H., Lebanon, Ohio, \$2; S. B., Salina, \$5; T. P. A., Perry, N. Y., \$10; N. B. N., East Wareham, \$5; J. E. M. C., Northfield, \$3; D. W., Warren, (she will please accept our sincere thanks) \$4; P. W., Eastville, L. C., \$3; W. T., Exeter, \$4.

SONG. My Mary.

WORDS ORIGINAL. — SEE PAGE 31 OF THIS NO.

The first system of the song, featuring a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are: "The eve was bright, no cloud came o'er The fair face of the moon, And gentle breezes".

The second system of the song. The lyrics are: "stirred the leaves Of blooming flowers of June; My boat was on the shining sea, Steered by the faithful". The piano part includes a "cres." (crescendo) marking.

The third system of the song. The lyrics are: "hand, When from her home my Mary came, To leave her native land, To leave her native". The piano part includes a "col voce." (collo voce) marking.

The fourth system of the song. The lyrics are: "land, To leave her native land, When from her home my Mary came, To leave her native land." The system concludes with a double bar line. The piano part includes an "ad lib." (ad libitum) marking.